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Daniel Gaby

Coming Out of the Silos
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LETTERS

open suburbs

Suburban Action Institute is the most active agency in the New York metropolitan region working to expand the range of choices in housing and jobs throughout the area for racial minorities, working people and the poor. . . .

Its research documents the reality of social and economic discrimination; its information program focuses public attention on it, and its litigation challenges the many forms of suburban exclusionary zoning and land use practices. If the growing trend toward segregation is to be reversed and equal opportunity to become a reality, then the work of Suburban Action is of the highest importance.

Suburban Action is a nonprofit agency headed by Paul Davidoff. Its future is severely threatened because of general economic conditions that have resulted in foundation cutbacks. . . . No matter what the size of your tax-exempt contribution, it will be used effectively in the struggle to expand opportunity for all and build a better society.

Herman Badillo and Percy Sutton
Members, Board of Trustees, Suburban Action Institute
57 Tuckahoe Rd., Yonkers, N.Y. 10710

meat patty

Teaneck, N.J.

Your Nov. 16th editorial on the elections ["Good Day at the Polls"] quotes Gov. Francis Sargent of Massachusetts as attributing his defeat to Watergate and "the price of hamburger." The *Boston Globe* quoted the Governor's reference as "the price of hamburg." This is, linguistically, much more likely, since citizens of the Commonwealth generally use the latter form of the word. Governor Sargent is to be congratulated for sticking to local usage, however odd it may sound to outsiders. *Lewis Gardner*

and also Frye

New York City

It must have been simply an oversight that kept Lincoln Kirstein, in his review of *The Illuminated Blake* [*The Nation*, Nov. 16], from mentioning Northrop Frye along with Damon, Keynes and Erdman as Blake specialists. Frye's *Fearful Symmetry* (1947) is one of the great critical books of this or any time and the one that most brilliantly and faithfully establishes and interprets Blake's colossal sanity and integrity. *Michael D. Aeschliman*
English Department, Columbia University

farm boycott in Sweden

Stockholm, Sweden

Here in Sweden a group of Americans and Swedes have formed a committee to support the United Farm Workers' struggle. Sweden is a very important country in the boycott as it is the largest European importer of American grapes and lettuce, consuming 80 per cent of the iceberg lettuce and 60 per cent of the table grapes America exports to Europe.

A major obstacle to the boycott efforts has been the activity of the American Embassy in Stockholm. The embassy has consistently taken the side of the Teamsters and growers. . . . The Foreign Agricultural Service pays advertising costs for American grapes and lettuce in Europe. An agricultural attaché at the American Embassy functions also as the Foreign Agricultural Service Officer. In light of the certified labor disputes in California, we would expect the agricultural attaché to cease such promotion campaigns. Instead, we learned recently that the attaché in Stockholm actually goes a step further and pays for chain-store sales campaigns for boycotted grapes and lettuce. The difference between sales prices and ordinary prices is subsidized by the

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EDITORIALS

'Pure Prairie'

President Ford's first hundred days have come and gone and the contrast with FDR's famous first hundred days at another time of crisis could hardly be sharper. Apologists say that the President should be granted an extension because he came into the office under depressing circumstances. But the President's performance is not likely to improve, if only because he and his advisers have confused image-making with leadership.

In the more than hundred days he has been President, Mr. Ford has flubbed a dozen tests of leadership. In the final weeks of the campaign he went jetting around the country on behalf of Republican candidates—all to no avail—when a host of pressing issues required his attention in Washington. He has shown an extraordinary lack of finesse in such matters as the Gibson and Flanigan nominations. On the eve of the coal strike he angered the United Mine Workers by resubmitting the nomination of a federal mine safety official who is detested by the union and its membership (James M. Day, as head of the Mine Enforcement and Safety Administration). Administratively, the White House is a mess. Conflicting statements by high officials on important policy issues have become everyday occurrences. Before leaving on his Far Eastern junket, the President vetoed two measures without—apparently—consulting the GOP leadership; not surprisingly, they were passed over his vetoes.

The best explanation for the President's first overseas junket is that he wanted to take flight from a sea of domestic troubles. It was a long trip to the wrong places at the wrong time. Nothing was to be hoped for from the ceremonial visit to Japan—and nothing was accomplished—while the visit to South Korea was "an awful blunder" (the words of Edwin O. Reischauer). It was officially justified as a timely warning to North Korea, but South Korea is not so much threatened from the North as it is falling apart from internal dissension. By appearing in Seoul when he did, the President placed the seal of American approval on the incompetent and repressive regime of President Park (shortly after Ford left, seven political dissenters were sentenced to be executed). It will be some time before the results of the Vladivostok visit can be accurately assessed, but the extravagant billing by Ron Nessen, the President's press aide, had to be modified almost before it was issued. In the short term, the arms race is likely to accelerate within the limitations of the "ceilings" established. Or consider, at a much different level, the way in which the President dealt with the ethnic slurs of Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz and General Brown of the Joint Chiefs. By demanding public apologies the President implied that both men were guilty of no offense more serious than bad public relations. But apologies will not repair the damage and, besides, there were a dozen good reasons for firing Butz apart from his ineradicable disposition to put his foot in his mouth (as by blaming housewives for high prices).

Over a period of years the notion that public relations gimmickry is a prime ingredient of Presidential leadership has steadily gained acceptance. The Kennedy, Johnson

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and Nixon administrations relied increasingly on public relations to cover leadership deficiencies. Now, at the start, the Ford Administration is addicted to the same practice. It is easy and therefore tempting to set up situations designed to project a "nice guy" image, but this kind of stage management is subject to certain risks: the pseudo-event may be upset by untoward happenings or the projection may succeed too well. It was nice of "Jerry and Betty Ford"—not, of course, President and Mrs. Ford—to invite the twenty-three surviving members of the Grand Rapids High School football champions of 1930 to a Thanksgiving brunch, but not even an invocation to "make us mindful of the hungry" could blot out the counter-image of Dick Gregory and two members of Congress, Reps. Fortney H. Stark (D., Calif.) and Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.), marching outside the White House in protest against the Ford-Butz food-aid policies. And of course it was easy and therefore tempting for the President to hightail it to Tokyo for the geisha-and-pagoda routine, but the stories and the photographs of the President decked out in a father-of-the-bride outfit—ankle-high pants, ascot, pearl-gray doeskin weskit and stiff-winged collar (a protocol officer was quoted as saying, "We can only assume that his tailor used to be head football coach at Michigan State")—projected an image at variance with that intended. Not even the efforts of an ever-loyal press corps to picture Mr. Ford in Tokyo as "pure prairie," "a Rotarian without a red neck," "an Eagle Scout without self-righteousness" (Hugh Sidey, *Time*), could repair the damage. Nor did the buddy-buddy scenes with U.S. troops in Korea offset the distasteful image of an American President buttering up a puppet dictator.

And it is easy enough to design a WIN button and then command the American Society of Composers to come up with a WIN song, but suppose the public does not like the button or want to sing the song? (Republican Governor Milliken of Michigan has his own button, BAC, "buy a car," which is not exactly anti-inflationary). Republican Senator Dole said recently that the President came on too strongly as a straight arrow, but that apparently is the image the President's handlers seek to project. As columnist Max Lerner notes: "The most widespread image of him [the President] today is that of a well-meaning, genial Boy Scout. Compared with Truman, he has little capacity for hard command. Perhaps he spent too many years carrying out decisions reached on levels above him to be able to change now. It may turn out that Richard Nixon's final revenge on the America which turned against him was to pick Gerald Ford as his successor."

The President Speaks

President Ford's December 2nd press conference contained no surprises and little information. On the Vladivostok accord, the President was noticeably less euphoric than his press aide had been—it was, he said, "a good agreement" and he would defend it. Perhaps a case can be made for "putting a cap" on strategic weapons, but the immediate effect is not reassuring. The two sides did not agree to stop the arms race. Indeed the effect of fixing ceilings insures that both Russia and this country will make major increases in total nuclear war-

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heads. A ceiling of 2,400 delivery vehicles is dangerously high. When he testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in September, Dean Rusk, less hawkish than when he held the seals of office, said that the two sides should be limited to 500 each, a number which "can do all the damage that anybody can dread." The new accord confirms what might be called Panovsky's Law (after Dr. Wolfgang Panovsky, a faculty member of the Stanford Arms Control program, who also testified at the hearings where Dean Rusk appeared).

Partial arms control agreement, Panovsky said, immediately stimulates the military establishments of both sides to compensate in areas not yet controlled by the agreed-upon limitations. Thus, a partial limitation pact usually stimulates the arms race within the boundaries allowed. In addition, what disturbs Dr. Panovsky is the fact that nuclear arms are increasing in numbers and complexity and therefore the chance of negotiating new arms control agreements is steadily lessening. "The problem of proliferation of nuclear weapons," he testified, "is becoming possibly the greatest nightmare facing the world today."

Yet even as President Ford reported on Vladivostok, the press carried stories that the Russians might provide Egypt with a nuclear reactor and that Israel now has a nuclear capability. This country has deployed in western Europe 7,000 tactical nuclear warheads, which the Russians obligingly agreed to exempt from the proposed limitations. So nuclear weapons will certainly increase in numbers in the short term as delivery systems become more sophisticated, complex, hazardous and expensive (see article by Robert Aldridge this issue, p. 614). When the Senate considers the new accords it should hear once again from the experts who testified in September. In the meantime the cheering section can disband.

On the domestic front, all the President had to offer was a concession that the energy problem and recession must now be "whipped" along with inflation. Though he had nothing to offer toward that end, his general strategy is clear: the Democrats will be blamed for restoring social welfare cuts that he has ordered, since, by his economics, government spending in these areas is the prime cause of inflation. He plans, in brief, to do nothing and engage in partisan scapegoating. In his Budget and State of the Union messages he may come up with some new proposals but in the meantime he will "stonewall" it. On the energy issue, the country remains without a coherent policy. Arthur Burns warns that the present situation "carries dangers for our country's future" unless sterner measures are taken, and proposals for higher federal taxes on gasoline are burgeoning all over the place, but the President is serenely optimistic. Even the new president of General Motors would go along with a gas-tax hike, but Mr. Ford will have none of it because 80 per cent of the people, he tells us, do not approve. So much for his conception of Presidential leadership. In an offhand comment, he dismissed the present concatenation of economic issues, domestic and international, as not nearly as serious as those that confronted FDR in 1933. In fact, they are more complex, less manageable and threaten much graver long- and short-term consequences. On these issues, the press conference was an exercise in futility.

Even the GOP governors are annoyed by the President's reluctance to grapple with domestic issues. Retiring Gov. Tom McCall of Oregon summed up his feelings this way: "The party needs to quit offering 19th-century leadership while we are barreling down on the 21st." And in much the same spirit, Sen. Barry Goldwater has suggested that Air Force One should be put in the hangar for at least eight months so that President Ford can stay home and concentrate on the problems we have here. The President should heed these strictures from leaders of his party and he might well ponder some words of Senator Mondale, who returned from a recent visit to Moscow "convinced that one key element in détente is to get our own house in order. Not just missiles but all these other matters, like the management of our economy, dealing with energy and employment, and warming up relations with Europe and Japan." For years now globe-trotting has been a means whereby Presidents divert attention from their failure to cope with domestic realities. Predictably, President Ford will make "historic first" visits to exotic places in the months ahead, and the trips will get longer, more frequent and be accompanied with greater fanfare as unemployment figures climb in lockstep with the annual rate of inflation.

Voice of the Rank and File

The United Steel Workers of America (USWA), third largest of U.S. trade unions, has not had a socially pertinent leadership since the days of Philip Murray who, with John L. Lewis, organized the USWA in 1937. Since 1965, its president, I.W. Abel, has stamped out what remnants of democracy were left by his predecessor, David J. McDonald. Anyone who wants to learn how the USWA got into its present woeful state would be well advised to read two articles by George Bogdanich in *The Nation*: "Never a Kind Word for Abel," May 7, 1973; and "Steel: No-Strike & Other Deals," September 7, 1974.

Steel, like the United Mine Workers until the law caught up with Tony Boyle, is due for a housecleaning. Not that the USWA was ever as bad as the UMW; its rank and file was kept in line with a minimum of violence. Coming forward now, however, is a man who may prove to be the equivalent of the miners' Arnold Miller. Ed Sadlowski is in a position of power after his smashing victory over Sam Evett for director of USWA District 31, the country's largest. Neither Abel nor Secretary-Treasurer Walter Burke is eligible to run again, and the odds are that Sadlowski will become president in 1977.

The history of the USWA's District 31, with 140,000 members, is one of fraud and repression. Since its founding in the Chicago-Gary area it has been ruled by Joe Germano (nicknamed "the Godfather"). Nobody ran against Germano for thirty years. When he retired in 1973 he chose Evett to succeed him. Abel acquiesced; Sadlowski did not. Evett won, amid well-substantiated charges of fraud.

That might have been the end of it but for the Landrum-Griffin law, which authorizes the Labor Department to conduct an intensive investigation when there is *prima facie* evidence of fraud in union elections. The

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investigation at District 31 left no doubt on that point, and the Labor Department ordered a rerun. Evett had won originally by 23,354 to 21,606. In the rerun, Sadlowski won by 39,637 to 20,058. Thus Evett did not quite hold his previous total, while the rank and file came out for Sadlowski, and with 300 Labor Department watchers at the polls, their votes were counted.

Although the result, and the changes it promises, are of national significance, the press as a whole has paid little attention. Abel and his henchmen conducted their negotiations with the steel companies in private, conceded no-strike pledges, and stood on the union constitution, which does not require ratification of a contract by the membership. The Sadlowski victory of November 12-15 should change all that. John Herling wrote in *The Washington Post*: "Inside the union, observers saw this election rerun as much more than the choice of another district director. They believe the victory gained by Sadlowski is a possible stimulus for future challenges to incumbent union leadership in other districts."

In *The New York Times*, A.H. Raskin came to the same conclusion: "A new wave of worker discontent is knocking some of the barnacles off a labor movement sunk in bureaucratic smugness."

Raskin acknowledges that this trend may be costly to some corporations and to consumers, but he does not back down. Referring to the report of the National Commission for Industrial Peace, made up of ten top union and industry leaders, he predicts that "the tide of union democracy will not be turned back by these King Canutes. . . . Whatever pains may accompany the transformation, the newly found voice of the rank and file will not be stifled, much less stilled. Nor should it be."

Our Friend Franco

When a repressive regime is nearing the end of its misrule, its conduct follows a generally standardized pattern. The secret police, aware that the hunters may soon be the hunted, engage in spectacular forays against suspected subversives—in particular, against intellectuals. The more enemies they can dispose of, or incapacitate by unbearable torture, the fewer will be left to bear witness against them. At the same time, the regime struggles to remain in power by the only means it knows—intensified repression and terror. That is the situation in Franco's Spain today.

When the Premier, Adm. Luís Carrero Blanco, was assassinated in December 1973, a Basque nationalist group known as E.T.A., in accordance with its established policy, claimed responsibility. Last September 13 a bomb exploded in a Madrid café frequented by security policemen. Twelve people were killed—but not a single policeman. The E.T.A. disclaimed involvement and Spanish newspapers speculated that the bombing may have been the work of ultra-rightist elements, and that word had gone out to the police to stay away from the café that day.

On or about September 16, eight internationally known Spaniards were arrested. It is believed that all were tortured, but a particularly heinous case was that of a psychiatrist, Genoveva Forest, held incommunicado for twenty-six days and tortured. To call her treatment barbarous would be to insult the barbarians. The customary procedure was used. First, beatings on all parts of the body, kicking, arm twisting, spinal injuries. Physical torture supplemented by psychological—threats that she would be thrown out of the window, that her 12-year-old daughter would be harmed. At one point she was cursorily examined by a woman physician, who authorized continuation of the torture. All this was a warm-up, without interrogation.

Then the victim was taken from the torture chamber to the luxurious office of a high security official, who seated her courteously in an armchair. The official commiserated with her, called her torturers "brutes," and urged her to confess a connection between the E.T.A. and the Communists. Actually there is no connection: as in Portugal, the objective of the Spanish Communists once Franco departs is to become a respectable party on the French and Italian model.

Dr. Forest is the wife of the playwright Alfonso Sastre. Since in Spain a husband is legally responsible for the actions of his wife, Mr. Sastre too is in prison and awaiting trial. The part of the whole tragedy that has become known is revealed in a recent report by Amnesty International (USA) and by Barbara Probst Solomon in *The New York Times* of November 25. The account ends on a depressing note: "Apparently the continued use of torture these last two months on Genoveva Forest has been successful. She has been charged with the murder of Adm. Carrero Blanco."

Next to the torture of political prisoners, and thirty-five years of tyrannical rule, what should concern Americans most is that we have cultivated friendly relations with Franco's Spain since the end of World War II, and continue to do so as the end draws near. Greece has taught us nothing.

Through the Looking Glass

The Civil Aeronautics Board's decision to increase air fares again on November 5 has been followed by month-end reports from five big carriers that airline traffic has plunged again. After making allowance for variable factors, the consensus of industry officials is that November was "another lousy month."

Peter Bernstein, the well-known New York economic consultant and *Nation* contributor, has some words on this way of doing business that warrant quotation: "There is a total defiance of the law of supply and demand. When we see electric power rates, automobile and television set prices, construction wages, transatlantic air fares and soon perhaps even brokerage commissions going up when the demand for these items has shrunk for a variety of reasons, we know that we are really looking through the looking glass." Executives can read the indicators as well as consultants, but most of them are locked into an institutional framework which, as they see it, prevents them from taking the long view or giving proper weight to the state of the economy as a whole. All they can permit themselves to see is the profit position of their company in the current quarter, as it affects the price of the company's stock in which most of them hold substantial numbers of shares.

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So "the profit picture" must be kept bright even if that is accomplished by "creative accounting" practices and mysterious ways with inventories. Thus airline officials interviewed by *The Wall Street Journal* agreed that the industry is not in "a healthy situation," but none of them suggested that fares might be cut. Such cuts would, of course, be expensive in the short term and, as the businessmen would no doubt say, we are all dead in the long run. So the likely response to a further decline in airline passenger traffic will be another hike in rates.

The 'Compassionate' Navy

The Navy's practice of recruiting Filipino servants for its officers has surfaced again. Adm. James L. Holloway 3rd, Chief of Naval Operations, defends it as "a continuation of a traditional relationship." Coming from an officer of the highest flag rank, who himself has four Filipino house boys assigned to his living quarters, it is hardly a convincing argument. The Admiral's second line of defense is even weaker: the Navy, it appears, is overflowing with "compassion" for young Filipinos who cannot find work at home. By recruiting them as stewards, mess boys, house boys and servants generally, the Navy provides "great opportunities" for the little brown brothers to save, so that they can return home in relative affluence. Better still, after five years of satisfactory service in the Navy, they are entitled to become naturalized American citizens, a privilege which many seem to value.

While no one wishes the Navy to act inhumanely, "compassion" is not a part of its mission. Nor, with all due respect to tradition, is the fact that this practice dates back to the days when the Philippines were a colony of the United States very persuasive; the islands are now supposedly free and independent and colonialism in all its forms has a bad name.

Apparently a majority of Filipinos who work as Navy servants do so willingly and ably. Neither whites nor blacks are available for this type of duty, or so it is said. The Navy has tried to ease the situation by enlisting Filipinos as "seaman recruits," making them eligible for other enlisted ratings. The Filipino recruits take the standard oath to defend the United States against all enemies, etc., but this obligation is limited to their Navy service and they do not lose Philippine citizenship.

This unusual and somewhat bizarre arrangement should not be left to the Navy's sole judgment, particularly as it is an interested party. Various nuances make the issue one of national policy. However it may benefit individual Filipinos, the stigma of a neocolonial policy remains, and may be exacerbated by the unsettled conditions in the Philippines and in Asia generally. It would seem advisable to appoint a commission to review the situation from the standpoint of long-term national interest. Such a commission should include, in addition to minority Navy representation, individuals who would be fully aware of the nuances and sensitive to the implications, preferably individuals with an intimate knowledge of conditions in the Philippines. The Navy is not the best judge of the wisdom of such a policy which has social, economic and political ramifications; hence it should not be the sole judge.

COMING OUT OF THE SILOS

ANOTHER LAP ON THE ARMS TRACK

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

On October 24, as an Air Force C-5 transport lumbered high above the Pacific, a huge missile dropped from its belly. The Minuteman fell 1.5 miles before a ten-second rocket burst boosted its 40-ton mass to the 20,000 foot level again. This first launch of an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) from an aircraft implies new dimensions to the weapons race. We already have the Trident missile-submarine combination in production to upgrade the sea-based leg of our Strategic Triad, and the B-1 is being developed to modernize the bomber leg. Could this exercise signal Pentagon discontent with the remaining leg—the ICBM force buried in silos? We will spend $300 million to spruce them up before the end of the decade but, by military logic, they do reflect a declining level of sophistication. It is a good moment to look into the Defense Department's research and development activities to see what is unfolding.

Sure enough, a program called "M-X" has been set up to study advanced ICBM technology. Myopic Pentagon vision sees this as the next refinement in their complex web of weaponry. Our fixed-based missiles, they claim, will soon be vulnerable to a first-strike attack. It's time to get things moving.

Pointed toward a mobile missile system and scheduled for completion in 1977, M-X has a projected cost of $150 million. Although Dr. Malcolm Currie, director of Defense Research and Engineering, states that our present land-based ICBMs are highly survivable (official estimates are as high as 95 per cent) he warns, "I believe that the Soviets can attain the necessary deployed forces together with missile accuracy required to place the land-based missile force in jeopardy as we approach the mid-1980s." Therefore, in his opinion, it is necessary to pursue an accelerated investigation of basing modes to have an option "in our hip pocket" should the threat to Minuteman develop. The groundwork has been laid; the seeds of

Robert Aldridge is a free-lance writer and former aerospace engineer who has worked on five generations of sea-based missile systems. Now a critic of the arms race, his articles have appeared in Sign, The Christian Century *and* The Nation.

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fear are sown. By 1977 we shall hear much more about silo vulnerability and threats to our ICBM force. The pattern is set and the outcome predictable. Predictable, that is, unless we become more concerned about responsible use of our financial resources.

M-X has two compartments—missile-related studies and basing technology. Two-thirds of the budget goes to the former which includes guidance, propulsion and computer improvements. A third generation guidance system—the Advanced Inertial Reference Sphere (AIRS)—is aimed at giving mobile missiles the same targeting accuracy as an improved Minuteman. But the complexities are manifold. Air Launched Ballistic Missiles (ALBMs), in particular, have a unique problem of fixing the target relative to position and velocity of the aircraft at time of launch. And determining orientation in a gravity field, alone, is a major limitation of guidance platforms for any mobile missile.

Basing technology looks at three general types—silo improvements, land-mobile and air-mobile. Most of the work on silo studies is applicable to mobile bases. Outstanding is the canister program which incorporates the cold-launch or "pop-up" principle. Missile ejection by means of an exterior steam-gas generator has been carried out successfully on Polaris and Poseidon submarines for more than a decade. It prevents launch tube damage by getting the missile out before the motor ignites and saves on-board propellant that can then be used to boost a heavier warhead. If silos or mobile launchers were similarly equipped, reload time would drop and it would be possible to fudge on the number of missiles capable of being launched from a treaty-limited quota of platforms.

Thirteen land-mobile concepts will be narrowed to a maximum of three during 1974. These cover the whole gamut—road, rail, missile pods in the bottom of a pond, hard capsules, shelter bases, trenches and tunnels. While ostensibly a formidable investigation, this exercise diminishes in importance when one understands that $127 million has already been spent in previous years to study land-mobile missiles. It does not seem likely that the additional $15 million allotted for this portion of the basing technology study will have significant effect on the final selection. Pending acceptable resolution of the guidance problems, the Air Force already appears to be leaning toward ALBMs.

Air-mobile concepts concentrate on wind tunnel testing and launch platform surveys along with comparative studies between "strip alert" and "air alert." The platform studies weigh small airplanes with a single missile against multiple carriers. New and dedicated aircraft are under consideration, as are existing wide-bodied jets such as the C-5, 747, DC-10 and L-1011. Improved versions of these commercial models could carry four ALBMs weighing 100,000 pounds each. (Minuteman III missiles weigh 78,000 pounds.)

The 1977 date for the engineering development decision on a mobile concept is significant. Purportedly based on when the Minuteman force will be threatened, it coincides with expiration of the SALT I Interim Agreement on offensive strategic missiles. If SALT II talks

fail to become more promising, the Pentagon will at that time be released from all restraints regarding numbers and types of attack missiles and launchers. Also, it should be noted, by 1977 Trident will be nearing operational status and a production decision on the B-1 will be past history. With these two budget gobblers safely sold, lobbying can be concentrated on new projects designed to sate the military thirst. According to the normal ten-year time span for developing a major weapons system, and assuming that Congress will continue to give the Pentagon whatever it wishes, ALBMs will be operational by 1985. The Interim Agreement does not explicitly prohibit development of a mobile weapons system. We are only constrained by our own unilateral statement that we "would consider the deployment of operational land-mobile launchers . . . as inconsistent with the objectives of the Agreement." Although we are not yet deploying such a system, we are, by our own admission, pursuing a program which is contrary to treaty intentions.

The cost for the Air Force's new dream does not end with the $150-million study. That just gets us to 1977. Figures brashly thrown out indicate a $20-billion investment over the next ten years, but past experience undercuts the credibility of Pentagon first guesses. And the generals even admit that this one is shaky. Then comes the question, would they be satisfied with only one type of mobility? That is doubtful if they can sell both. And what about the platform? The most economical solution would be to modify existing jets, but our military is never content with less than the ultimate in sophisticated and dedicated systems.

That consideration brings the strategic tanker into the

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picture. Another new research program is starting this year on an advanced, integrated cargo/tanker aircraft system. Could the cargo be ALBMs with the tankers to keep them flying on station? Think of Air Force prestige if they had a dramatic continuous air alert, similar to the missile-submarine patrols, in which a given number of mobile ICBM platforms would be airborne at all times. Think, also, of the drain on petroleum resources and the tax dollars needed to maintain such an operation. The flavor of the M-X study will certainly change two years from now when it culminates in a decision to deploy ALBMs—a weapons system which will dwarf B-1 expenditures. Hang on to your pocketbooks! We're starting another lap on the weapons track. □

THE CASE OF TANZANIA

CAUGHT IN THE TIDE OF CRISIS

DUDLEY JACKSON

It is a fascinating pastime to sit on a beach and watch the tide come in. The advance of the tide itself is barely perceptible; what one actually observes is a series of rushes by little waves here and there, some gradually pushing further ahead than others, until first one sandbank, then another, is submerged by a stronger wave borne upon the rising tide.

So, too, with the onset of economic crisis in the Third World: the crisis as a whole is barely visible, but the irregular waves of economic difficulties washing over countries may be clearly seen, and they are flowing more strongly with every passing month.

The oil crisis is one of those stronger waves, and its effect on the Third World has been dramatically visible. But another, perhaps more important wave is population growth or, rather, the inadequate response to population growth in terms of assured and expanding food production each year.

In 1973, food production in the "developing" countries as a whole stood at 30 per cent above its level of a decade earlier. But this advance represented for the whole decade only a 3 per cent increase in food production per head of population! By contrast, the "developed" countries expanded their total food production by 32 per cent in the decade, but their population growth was so much slower that this represented a 20 per cent expansion in food production per head of population.

The Third World's very slow growth of food production per capita has left it vulnerable to any shortfalls, either because of natural phenomena such as droughts or floods, or because of "policy measures," such as attempts to keep the price of food down for the sake of the urban consumer and so discouraging the farmer's incentive to produce, particularly at a time when his costs of production have risen steeply. When nature and policy strike simultaneously, the precarious margin of food reserves typical of Third World countries necessitates large increases in imports to stave off panic shortages, rocketing prices and the threat of starvation among the very poorest sections of the community. But such "emergencies" are seen not as the effect of the inexorably rising tide of an increasing population's demand for food but simply as an unfortunate and wholly "temporary" setback in production.

There has been a lot of talk about "the crisis" in the Third World, and it does not take much acuity to see, in some vague way, that it does exist. But it is harder to appreciate what the crisis means in concrete terms, to understand what it implies for a single country, and I shall therefore consider here the details of the crisis that affects one of the Third World's poorest countries—Tanzania.

In 1972, mainland Tanzania's income for each of its population of 13.6 million was $103; by contrast, per capita income in the United States was $5,550. Despite this poverty, Tanzania is one of the Third World's best-governed and politically most stable countries, with well-articulated policies of economic development. Consequently, the growth rate of Tanzania's Gross National Product (at constant prices) between 1964 and 1972 averaged a respectable 5.3 per cent per annum. An index of Tanzania's total food production in 1972 stood at a level of 76 per cent higher than in 1963, which meant a 40 per cent rise in the index of per capita food production—on the agricultural front, Tanzania has one of the best growth records in Africa; indeed, few developing countries in the world can match its performance, according to these production indices of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations.

Furthermore, Tanzania has distributed the benefits of this growth more equitably among its population than has nearly any other Third World country. Tanzanian development policies have been consistently and determinedly aimed at improving the welfare of the many, rather than the enrichment of the few. But, although enjoying this outstanding record of economic growth and social development, Tanzania is suffering the strains on its food supplies of a rapidly growing population. Paradoxically, Tanzania's successfully egalitarian development policies may have made matters "worse," because the poor have a stronger propensity to spend extra income on food than do the better-off, and in Tanzania the poorer members of the community have systematically been receiving the biggest proportionate increases in income, thus boosting the demand for food.

During the 1960s, Tanzania's food imports steadily averaged about $20 million a year. But food imports

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reached $44 million in 1972 and $38 million in 1973, when food production per capita declined by 5 per cent due to drought. The 1973-74 harvest was again a poor one, and food imports in the first half of 1974 alone reached $75 million, and will certainly be double that figure for the full year. This rise is due partly to the larger volume of imports, and partly to the increase of world food prices: the cost of U.S. wheat almost doubled from 1972 to 1973, so that Tanzania's need to import a greater volume of cereals in 1974 has come at a very inopportune moment.

However the blame is apportioned, a change in food imports over the short space of four years from $20 million to $150 million per annum is a deterioration of staggering proportions. If Tanzania, with its very good record of growth in all sectors of the economy, can suddenly suffer such a crisis, one can only shudder at what is likely to befall other Third World countries when they too, and inevitably, encounter similar crises due to the pressure of growing population upon an inadequately responding agriculture.

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On top of all this have come the higher oil prices. In case anyone needs reminding, in June 1973 the export price of Saudi Arabian crude petroleum was $2.74 per barrel; in January 1974, $11.65 per barrel. During the 1960s, Tanzanian imports of mineral fuels rose steadily to a level of $27 million in 1970; but by 1973 oil imports were running at $55 million, and in the first half of 1974 they were $69 million—an annual rate of more than $140 million, taking subsequent price increases into consideration.

Whereas in 1969 food and oil accounted for about one-fifth of Tanzania's bill for imports, in the first half of 1974 they accounted for two-fifths. In all, imports have risen from $240 million in 1969 to $366 million in the first half of 1974—an annual rate beyond $700 million. To be sure, the Tanzania-Zambia Railway (Tazara) has given a large boost to the import of railway track, locomotives, rolling stock and construction equipment from China. But in the absence of Tazara, might not other major development projects also requiring imports have been undertaken?

Exports, of course, have increased with nothing like the same speed. In 1969, exports were sufficient to provide a favorable balance ($12 million), but in the first half of 1974 exports amounted to only $200 million, leaving a crude trade deficit of $166 million for the half year, or more than $300 million for the full year.

Because the prices of some of its main exports were rising, 1972 and 1973 were good years for Tanzania's foreign exchange earnings. Its total holdings of foreign exchange (excluding rights with the international monetary institutions) rose from $46 million at the end of 1971 to $124 million at the end of 1973. But even those reserves will not withstand the current trade deficit for long, and remedial measures will have to be taken.

There are three possible courses open to any country in such a position: increase exports to pay for the higher level of imports; borrow abroad to cover the deficit; or reduce other imports to accommodate the rise in the cost of food and oil imports.

Unfortunately, Tanzania has little scope for increasing exports. In 1973, six items accounted for three-quarters of its exports to countries outside East Africa (Kenya and Uganda): coffee, 22 per cent; cotton, 15 per cent; sisal and sisal products, 13 per cent; cloves (from Zanzibar), 10 per cent; cashew nuts, 8 per cent, and diamonds, 8 per cent. Such heavy dependence on a few "primary" commodities—that is, largely unprocessed raw materials for other peoples' industries—is typical of Third World economies. Indeed, such a situation is part of the meaning of the word "underdeveloped."

The first three items alone, coffee, cotton and sisal, together make up one-half of Tanzania's exports, and their sales largely depend upon demand in the richer countries. During 1973, the price of both cotton and sisal doubled, thus providing an unexpected cushion to the rising import drain on Tanzania's reserves of foreign exchange, but, with the slackening of international demand in 1974, these prices are likely to fall back from their record levels. Thus even if the volume of these exports increases, their foreign exchange earnings may be dampened.

Exports of coffee are limited by quota agreements, and in London recently the world's coffee producers agreed to withhold 12 million bags in an attempt to maintain prices. Tanzania is reported to support this plan "in principle."

The outlook is not good for two of Tanzania's other major exports, cloves and diamonds. The clove trees of Zanzibar and Pemba Islands, which supply about two-thirds of the world's cloves, have been suffering from two diseases, graphically named the "sudden death" and the "die-back." The former affects the roots of the tree, killing it within a few days; the latter strikes as a fungus infection, withering the affected branches. "Die-backs" can be cured by a combination of tree surgery and fungicides, and strenuous efforts are being made in this direction, but the causes of, and cure for, "sudden death" are not known. The seriousness of the situation can be judged from a reported estimate that more than half the islands'

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5½ million clove trees have been affected by one or the other disease; however accurate the report, it is at least evident that no great increase in clove exports is to be expected.

Tanzania's diamonds come from the famous pipe discovered by Dr. T.J. Williamson in 1940, but its unmined reserves are proving to be of steadily poorer quality, and as carats recovered per 100 tons of ore mined have dropped, so unit costs have risen. The pipe is now expected to run out by the end of the 1970s and again no significant expansion of annual production can be looked for.

Since the prospects for raising export earnings do not seem bright, what are Tanzania's chances of borrowing abroad? While foreign borrowing will be undertaken, the country would neither wish, nor be able, to cover the whole deficit with loans, particularly on a continuing annual basis. More than most Third World countries, Tanzania has been generally cautious about the level of its foreign borrowing, trying to keep the interest and repayment burden of foreign debt to manageable proportions. In part, such caution may have been dictated by the rather foolish reluctance of capitalist countries to lend to a self-declared "Socialist" state, but for whatever reason, Tanzania has prudently clung to a policy of "self-reliance," the wisdom of which cannot be questioned for any Third World country that wishes to maintain a modicum of independence.

In any case, however "generous" the rich countries—now including the oil producers—see fit to be (and the indications are not promising), there will simply not be sufficient petro-dollars available for the Third World after the industrial countries have had first crack at the cream. Furthermore, the rich nations are anxiously hoping that commodity prices will "stabilize," or even fall, thus reducing domestic inflationary pressures, and the other side of that coin is that the real incomes of the commodity producers will also fall. For countries which, like Tanzania, are heavily dependent on a few primary exports the results could be serious. To the extent that commodity prices do stabilize or decline, part of any lending by rich to poor nations will be a giving back with one hand what the other is taking away.

Finally, foreign borrowing to pay for consumption rather than invest in plant is neither sound policy, nor a measure which could be undertaken repeatedly, and the Tanzanian Government is well aware of it.

Thus, the first two possibilities—increasing exports or foreign borrowing—do not look to be hopeful solutions. This leaves Tanzania with only the third possibility—import restrictions—and the first steps have already been taken. In measures announced last fall, the import of spirits (whisky, brandy, etc.) was stopped, and imports of cars (for "special purposes" only) are to be limited to 300 a year. This is a cut of 80 per cent from the 1973 imports of 1,519 cars. But these measures, drastic though they may appear, will together save only about $4 million in foreign exchange; not much compared to a trade deficit now running at an annual rate beyond $300 million. Cuts in imports will have to be made over a wider range of goods, and, to the extent that the Tanzanian Government is reluctant to see investment in industry and agriculture reduced, they will necessarily fall heavily on consumer imports other than food.

The question facing Tanzania at the moment is by how much these nonfood consumer imports should be cut. Against an expected trade deficit of more than $300 million, it may expect to earn a positive balance on services of about $30 million. After deducting repayments, the capital inflow for 1974 is likely, at a rough estimate, to be in the region of $150 million and if we suppose, and this is only a guess, that about another $50 million may be borrowed under emergency arrangements, the gap remaining will be about $70 million.

Theoretically this could be met by running down foreign exchange reserves, but that would only postpone the day of reckoning. Eventually import cuts will have to be imposed to restore an acceptable balance.

In 1972, total consumption expenditure in Tanzania (excluding Zanzibar) ran at about $1,100 million, of which 12 per cent, or $130 million, was spent on imported commodities. Of this latter amount food imports amounted to about $42 million, so the cuts would have to fall, and very heavily, on the remaining $88 million of nonfood consumer imports.

Administratively, it would not be difficult for Tanzania to effect such a cut, as all trade is under government control. The greater problem is the internal one of insuring both that there is an increase in domestic production to satisfy some, at least, of the consumer purchasing power hitherto devoted to imports, and also that the remaining "unsatisfied" purchasing power is devoted to saving, rather than to a fruitless attempt to buy goods which are not there and so driving up prices on the black market (Tanzania has a strict system of price control).

Providentially, however, just such an increase in saving is needed to solve the food crisis, because a substantial rise in agricultural investment is required if food production is to be increased to a level of assured annual supplies, and to continue increasing thereafter to keep ahead of population growth. Furthermore, unlike investment in industry, investment in agriculture requires, or should require, few imports: systems of irrigation, improvements to methods of cultivation, and higher-yielding strains of seeds need the imaginative use of Tanzania's human resources, rather than the importation of foreign machinery and costly advanced technology.

Thus, for Tanzania, the crisis may provide its own short-term and long-term solution: a cut in consumer imports, with the savings thereby generated being channeled to agricultural investments, especially of the sort which will quickly yield increased output. But the import restrictions —and they may be more or less stringent, depending on such factors as the extent to which export earnings remain buoyant, the preparedness of the Bank of Tanzania and the Treasury to run down last year's bumper foreign exchange earnings and the magnanimity of foreign lenders —will nevertheless mean a loss of export earnings for the industrial countries, albeit spread among many, and so hardly perceptible to any single country.

If, as seems likely, other Third World countries are forced to impose similar import restrictions by a similar

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chain of circumstances, the slackening of export demand in the industrial countries will cause them, in turn, to reduce their imports of primary commodities that will put further adverse pressure upon the Third World's balance of payments.

Thus, slowly but inexorably, the tide of economic crisis will rise upon the whole world, and the poorest will suffer most, although, as I have indicated, the crisis may take a hopeful turn if it leads countries to devote more resources to investment in agriculture. For whatever else happens, the pressures of population growth will not abate in the foreseeable future. □

Newark: The Promise of Survival

DANIEL GABY

For the past seven years, ever since rioting took twenty-three lives in the summer of 1967, Newark, N.J., has been America's symbol of racial division, urban decay and political corruption.

What is the situation in Newark today, four years after it elected the first black Mayor of a large Northern city, sent its entire previous administration to prison and entered the age of Nixon revenue sharing? There is good news and bad.

The good is that, after years of hovering on the edge of bankruptcy, the city shows promise of survival. It has a long way to go, but the prognosis for eventual economic recovery is good; some even say very good. The bad news is that racial discrimination still flourishes in Newark. But now the victims are white ethnics and Hispanics, at present the minorities in the city.

Both of these conditions contradict what most people still think about Newark. If you ask an outsider, he is likely to tell you that conditions in the city are worse than ever, and that its black residents continue to be the most neglected, forgotten and miserable of people. The truth about Newark is complex and interesting. I suspect that other cities could provide comparable reports.

After the 1967 riots, a blue-ribbon state commission, chaired by the president of New Jersey Bell, placed major blame for the violence on "a pervasive feeling" that corruption and racism were deeply rooted in the administration of Mayor Hugh Addonizio. Crime, venereal disease, infant mortality, lead poisoning, drug addiction, all stood at the highest levels in America. One out of four residents was on welfare; reading levels lagged far behind the national average. Forty thousand public housing units, most badly deteriorated, choked the center of the city. And the city was going broke under the burdens of record housing abandonments, tax delinquency and skyrocketing costs. Perhaps most astonishing of all, studies reveal that fully two-thirds of Newark's real estate was not on the tax rolls. This land was leased by the Port Authority or owned by various levels of government, the church and educational institutions. Almost all of these facilities existed for the benefit of Newark's suburbs.

The Riot Commission Report, and investigations of the city administration by U.S. Attorneys [see "Real Law and Order: The Cleanup of New Jersey" by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, July 16, 1973] started the process that led, in 1970, to the election of Mayor Kenneth Gibson, a young black engineer. Four years earlier, Gibson had entered the mayoralty race against Addonizio and former Mayor Leo Carlin (a typical face-off between the ruling Italian and Irish factions). With a very late start, no experience and little organization or money, Gibson skimmed off 15 per cent of the vote. By 1970, the balance of power and the circumstances had changed. The Irish were no longer a political force in the city. Mayor Addonizio had been convicted of shaking down city contractors. The riots had produced Councilman Anthony Imperiale, Mr. Law and Order. In a bitterly fought three-way campaign, Gibson edged ahead of Imperiale to a run-off against Addonizio, then won and took over a city that was bitter, divided, near bankruptcy and seething with fear, hatred and defeatism.

Shortly after being sworn in, Gibson said that "Wherever America is going, Newark will get there first." If that, indeed, is so, the future of urban America is not nearly as grim as it has been made out to be. After little more than four years under Gibson, the city shows some remarkable changes. No one any longer questions the integrity of the administration, a remarkable turnaround in a city where for decades everything was considered openly for sale. Property taxes have been cut for the past two years, at a time when the state as a whole was experiencing substantial increases. The administration has razed more than 800 abandoned buildings and auctioned off the land. Tax delinquent properties are moving back to private ownership. Lead poisoning, once a serious crippler of children, has been virtually wiped out in Newark. For the first time in decades, money is going into capital improvements. One of the finest international airports in the world has been opened. The longest public housing rent strike in the country's history was brought to an end. And the city is becoming the educational center of New Jersey, with a vast state university complex under construction.

Most significant, perhaps, there has been an important change in the nature of race relations in a city which, at one time, suffered divisions as deep as any in America. No one is yet prepared to claim that blacks and whites are ready to live in blissful harmony. But one of the most astonishing facts of the most recent mayoralty campaign last May, when Gibson won re-election over state Senator Imperiale, was the Mayor's unwillingness to be the candidate of black separatism, and Imperiale's perception that backlash rhetoric would cost him votes.

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Four years earlier, the candidacies of Gibson and other blacks had been literally the creations of a black and Puerto Rican convention, the brainchild of the poet-playwright politician Imamu Baraka, the former LeRoi Jones. In that same campaign, Addonizio ran openly as the city's last best defense against the terrors of black nationalism. And when Gibson won, most white political leaders publicly warned that a Baraka reign of terror was about to begin.

In 1974, the campaign returned to conventional appeals and tactics. Gibson refused to seek the endorsement of Baraka's convention. Faced with demands by nationalist blacks that he deal with problems from a racial viewpoint, he said: "If you think your problems are different from anyone else's in Newark, you're mistaken. If you're looking for special attention from me, you've got the wrong guy." Despite the snub, Baraka did not dare to come out against Gibson, but he did campaign against Gibson's choices for City Council—all of whom won. Imperiale's appeal was uncharacteristically restrained. Unable to campaign against Baraka, he was forced to stick more or less to the issues. He even wooed black votes.

The key to Gibson's victory was his ability to make inroads into the white ethnic areas in the city, while holding onto virtually the entire black vote. Carrying the black districts by margins exceeding 10 to 1, Gibson got almost 20 per cent of the vote in Imperiale's home territory, the North Ward. Much of the credit for this must go to Steve Adubato, a remarkable white ethnic leader about whom more later. [See "Stable Urban Neighborhoods: A Strategy for the Cities" by Stephen N. Adubato & Richard J. Krickus, *The Nation*, May 18.]

While there is real cause for optimism, the city is clearly far from being out of the woods. Unemployment and the welfare rolls remain high, although at least some of this must be attributed to national economic conditions that have hit New Jersey particularly hard. Both city and state have been losing manufacturing jobs steadily for several decades. Newark should be a natural site for the many office industry jobs that are being predicted for the state, but the downtown banks, insurance companies and government agencies complain about the poor caliber of employees being graduated from the city's high schools, and the difficulty of recruiting qualified help from the suburbs. As a result, some of the city's largest employers are quietly slipping jobs out to the suburbs. If business could be assured of both competent employees and reasonably safe streets, the city would have an excellent chance to attract many of the 200,000 new office jobs that have been projected for northern New Jersey within the next two decades.

What lies ahead? Despite its impressive comeback, one thing has not changed for Newark. Its future is still heavily dependent on what happens in Trenton, in Short Hills, in Washington, in the courts, even in the scattered Southern hamlets that have sent their native sons North ever since World War II.

The state legislature will ultimately determine the financial future of Newark. The courts have already ruled that the local property tax cannot be used to fund schools because municipalities' revenue bases differ so widely. But the state Senate recently killed Governor Byrne's income tax proposal and the matter remains up in the air despite a court-ordered year-end deadline.

Businessmen—mostly suburban residents—will ultimately determine the economic future of Newark. The city cannot compete for factory jobs, but the banks and insurance companies can build up a substantial white-collar work force, if they think the conditions promising.

The national Administration and Congress will ultimately determine the health and welfare of Newark. They can enact a national income maintenance plan and national health insurance, thus slowing migration into the city from poorer states. Only in this way will Newark move toward demographic equilibrium.

And the state Supreme Court will ultimately determine if Newark is to remain a multiracial city. If the courts strike down exclusionary zoning in the suburbs (a decision most expect shortly), the exodus of the remaining working-class residents will be encouraged, and that is potentially fatal to Newark.

Of the 382,000 persons now living within the city limits, about 60 per cent are black, 28 per cent white and 12 per cent Hispanic. It was not, of course, always thus. In the years between 1950 and 1965, the blacks achieved a dubious majority status, inheriting a city from which the white establishment had fled, to be followed later by upwardly mobile Irish and Jews. In all, 200,000 whites left Newark during that time, and they were replaced by a like number of blacks. Only pockets of white neighborhoods remained behind, primarily people of working-class Italian ancestry in the North Ward, Vailsburg and the Ironbound.

With minority status for the white ethnic survivors came something else that was never envisioned by the liberal advocates of black power. Black racism. "Whites are now suffering the same urban ills that blacks have been suffering," said Steve Adubato, the tough, progressive Italian-American founder of the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center (NWECC). "We're a minority here so we get dumped on. In other places it's the blacks. That's the American way."

Adubato, who started the NWECC in the kitchen of his home just a few years ago and guided it into becoming, in his words, "a kind of white NAACP," has a keen sense of the nature of racism. "We're the new niggers. By nigger I mean anyone who's in the wrong place at the wrong time." Wrong place or not, Adubato is determined to stay in Newark. He likes the variety, excitement and human warmth of urban life and wants to raise his family there. And he is convinced that the cities must remain multiracial if they are to survive. The key NWECC goal is to provide an alternative for the urban white that is neither backlash nor flight. "We don't want to slow the advance of blacks," says Adubato, "but it will no longer be at the expense of the white ethnic."

Yet the whites' minority position in the city has already taken its toll. Blacks control the city administration, the school board, the poverty agencies and the police. The welfare, health and employment programs of the city, state and federal governments are staffed by blacks,

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located in black neighborhoods, and consider their constituency to be black, despite the documented existence of serious economic and social problems among whites. While Gibson himself has been responsive to the city's white minority, complex pressures, personalities and agencies beyond his control continue to exclude both whites and Hispanics.

The universities, both in Newark and elsewhere, do not think of white ethnics when they consider scholarship needs or the role the university should be playing in the community. Upward Bound programs, which seek out underprivileged high school seniors for the better colleges, have rarely if ever included whites. Rutgers, the State University, has a major campus in Newark and an active community affairs program, the entire staff of which is nonwhite. Adubato sought a position with the community affairs program as a white ethnic counselor, but it was not until he persuaded a foundation to pay his salary that Rutgers took him on. When the foundation funding ended, Adubato, the only white staff member, was fired. As always, the minority member was "last hired, first fired."

On a more personal level, minority status is proving a bitter experience for the white students in the schools, where black pre-eminence is even more pronounced than in the city as a whole. There are widespread complaints that whites are not wanted in social or sporting events, that they must learn black American history, that they must live in a world of the red-and-black flag and the clenched fist of black liberation. Adubato's daughter, a student at Barringer High School, won't go to dances or football games. "She's not wanted," he says. "I went to that high school at the same time that LeRoi Jones, now Baraka, was a student there. He was in the minority then, so we didn't have any black history and no black kids showed up at dances. Now we're in the minority. What do you expect?"

But there is an even more serious threat to the white ethnic: the quota system of affirmative action programs. A federal court has ordered the Newark Police Department to fill at least one-third of its rookie positions with nonwhites. Governor Byrne has announced an affirmative action program to "substantially increase" the number of blacks in state government. And a bill now in the state Assembly requires all businesses contracting with the state to have substantial minority employment in direct and subcontracted work.

The plight of the Hispanic citizens of Newark is one of the more interesting ironies of contemporary Newark. They are usually viewed by the outsider as co-victims—along with the blacks—of establishment oppression in Newark. Hispanics are, indeed, victims of discrimination, but their complaints are not leveled against the whites. The focus of their hostility is on the Mayor's office and the other instruments of city government.

This hostility exploded into four days of Puerto Rican rioting after the police allegedly tried to break up gambling among Labor Day weekend crowds in Branch Brook Park. The post-riot statistics were two dead, fifty-four injured, seventy-seven arrested. In the wake of the violence two groups emerged, representing radical and moderate factions within the community. The radicals, working out of the headquarters of Imamu Baraka, demanded the dismissal of the black police director, Hubert Williams, and the creation of a civilian police review board, the disbanding of the Newark Tactical and Mounted Police (which had broken up the rioting), complete amnesty for those arrested and free medical treatment for demonstrators.

The more moderate Hispanic Emergency Council, operating under the leadership of a Puerto Rican staff member of the Urban Coalition, merely asked for the creation of a Division of Hispanic Affairs in the administration, the appointment of a Hispanic judge, and a study of the events leading up to the disturbances.

As was to be expected, the city refused to deal with the radical group. A study has been promised; a Hispanic judge appointed. But the major demand of the moderate group, the Hispanic Affairs Division, was ruled out on the ground that the city could not lawfully set up another division. Responding to all this, one high ranking black city official sounded very much like his white predecessor: "What do we fund next, an Office of Portuguese Affairs, an Office of Chinese Affairs?"

The resentment of the Hispanic community toward the blacks in power is, if anything, worse as a result of these fruitless negotiations. Says one Puerto Rican leader, the city's anti-poverty program gave his people only "the crumbs of the poverty programs . . . we always knew we were not getting our full share. We're always next on the ladder after the blacks. The $20 million High Impact anti-crime program in Newark, for example, doesn't have any programs for Puerto Ricans to deal with juvenile delinquents. And you had a lot of Puerto Rican kids out in the street raising hell for four days this week. I see blacks who have short memories. We must be the only group in America that can lose ground after a riot."

Until recently, there were only two ways that the new minorities of Newark could respond to their exclusion from power—backlash or flight—and there has been not much of the latter because housing costs outside the city have soared beyond the reach of blue-collar residents.

Backlash, however, costs nothing, particularly when it can be expressed in the voting booth. Despite his defeat in last spring's mayoralty race, Senator Imperiale remains the single most popular and powerful politician in Newark's white ethnic neighborhoods. His law-and-order, anti-establishment Populism has enabled him to defeat both Democratic and Republican candidates for the state legislature twice. And in 1968 the North Ward gave George Wallace the highest vote percentage of any community on the East Coast.

Yet from within this virulent backlash sentiment Adubato is pushing in a direction that is neither backlash nor flight. Operating through his NWECC, he is using techniques refined by the civil rights movement. He has carefully and consciously patterned his efforts on those developed by black activists. He combines heavy doses of cultural pride, a shrewd use of the media and sophisticated grantsmanship. In his relations with the blacks, Adubato walks a narrow and difficult line. While steadfastly refusing to oppose advances for blacks, he none-

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theless will not accept having those gains made at the expense of his own people. He works closely with the black leadership of the city, but insists that the North Ward Center must remain white-oriented or it will fail. While agreeing with Imperiale's complaints, he has opposed the Senator's demagogic appeals.

Adubato's "third way" is producing the tangible results that are vital to holding working-class residents in Newark. Strong anti-blockbusting ordinances are now in effect after unscrupulous realtors had panicked some North Ward home owners into selling below market value. A Neighborhood Housing Stabilization Board has been set up to push code enforcement and deal with abandoned properties before they become havens for drug addicts. An Upward Bound program has placed several hundred white ethnic students in top colleges (after a slow start caused by reluctant colleges and reluctant parents uneasy about the program's "black only" image). The Center has also placed 300 people in jobs as part of a Department of Labor Manpower program. Last summer, 150 jobs for young people were secured through the Neighborhood Youth Program. And Adubato has recently received another $500,000 for juvenile delinquency and job-training programs.

The major current thrust of the NWECC is for the enforcement of the Equal Employment Opportunity Affirmative Action guidelines as they affect white ethnics. One section of the new law points out that certain religious and ethnic groups of "primarily but not exclusively Eastern, Middle and Southern European ancestry . . . continue to be excluded from executive, middle management and other job levels." It is this exclusion that the Center is now organizing to fight.

Hovering in the background of the urban crisis in New Jersey is the liberal community, out of touch with both the problems and the people involved. It remains committed to the old clichés, comfortable in perceiving all blacks as good, all working-class whites as Archie Bunkers. The talisman issues remain those of the 1960s: early opposition to the war in Vietnam, advocacy of bussing, an end to exclusionary zoning in the suburbs, the imposition of a state income tax. The solutions remain equally out of date, most of them calling for more money and more centralized bureaucracy. Few liberals will accept the complexities of real life, where one may fear a black mugger and still not be a racist.

By refusing to see individual good and evil in either group, the liberals have lost their influence with both. The attitudes of black and white in Newark toward liberalism is instructive. Few blacks, of whatever political persuasion, are grateful to the liberals; they resent being patronized and are plainly contemptuous. The white ethnics are for the most part openly angry.

When Adubato sought help for his NWECC outside the North Ward, he found that being Italian was a liability. "Would you believe," he said, "that I have to have blacks to give me credibility? The foundations, the government and all of them don't want to support us because it isn't 'liberal'; all they know about us is the Mafia and Cosa Nostra. More than once I've sought help from white officials and have been turned down, maybe because they think we're racist. Then some black hears about us and knows what it's all about and he says to the officials, 'It's all right. They're doing the right thing.' And then we finally get the aid we need."

In Newark, as elsewhere, too many liberals have failed to look beyond the gut reaction of white ethnics who find themselves threatened and isolated. Instead of realizing that the working-class whites of Newark and the surrounding industrial suburbs are also victims of a broader pattern of exploitation, liberals damn them as reactionaries. From the safety of the suburbs, they channel their concern, limiting it to poor blacks, failing to understand that many others, only marginally better off, are yet totally excluded both from government concern and material help.

The result is that liberals have succeeded in making large numbers of their fellow citizens believe that anti-poverty also means anti-white; that anti-Vietnam also means anti-American. In New Jersey (and, I suspect, elsewhere) liberals opposed the war as immoral and genocidal but failed to denounce its effect on American workers and their sons who were being drafted. They did not have the maturity and self-discipline to prevent anti-war activities from becoming identified with the flag burning and counter-culture mores that so deeply offended and frightened white ethnics.

Locally, the genuinely reactionary opponents of the income tax were able to persuade white ethnics that tax reform was a liberal plot to "give the niggers more money and bus them into our schools." Despite the fact that the recently defeated state income tax would have benefited lower-middle-class working families far more than any other group, it was precisely their opposition that killed it. Why? Because it was created and advocated by outsiders who are, at best, under suspicion.

The affirmative action quota programs emerging in and around Newark strike much closer to the nerve, since they affect jobs, and result in arbitrary exclusion on the basis of race. Yet few if any liberals have raised any objections to a program that is so clearly discriminatory, so contrary to traditional liberal principles of equal opportunity. What difference is there, the white ethnic asks, between a young Italian-American construction worker who is excluded from employment because he is white, and a young black worker in Mississippi who in the past was deprived of a job because he was black?

Is the young Italian-American worker personally responsible for the 300 years of racism that is used to justify the new discrimination? Surely it was not these people—their own ancestors exploited in the mines, factories and road gangs of the "Northern plantations"—who profited from the institutionalized racism of American life. Yet they are being forced to bear the full burden of compensating for it.

If those who cared about ending racial discrimination and economic exploitation had concerned themselves with *all* the victims of the evils, rather than only the most obvious and serious victims, George Wallace would still be an obscure Southern Governor. It is not too late for the liberal community to understand this truth, to admit its mistakes, and to take at last a constructive, relevant role in cities like Newark. □

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BELEAGUERED INSTITUTION

A. HARRY PASSOW

Some fifteen years have passed since James Bryant Conant, President Emeritus of Harvard, published his major study of secondary education, *The American High School Today*. Now, once again, America's high schools are being critically examined and calls made for comprehensive reform. In 1970, Charles Silberman published *Crisis in the American Classroom*, his thesis being that "One cannot reform teacher education without having some clear notion of what the schools themselves are going to be like—and what they *should* be like." By 1973, at least five national commissions or panels were studying some aspect of adolescent education and the institution which provided that education—the high school. Among the five is the National Commission on the Reform of Secondary Education, established by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation in July 1972 to "make a comprehensive examination of secondary education and provide the American public with a clear, factual picture of their secondary schools, indicating where and how they can be altered to better serve the nation's young people." The commission's report, *The Reform of Secondary Education*, is now published.

The commission describes the American high school as a "stormy petrel" whose existence "has always been controversial and often turbulent." But high schools have also been viewed more optimistically as a "peculiarly American phenomenon" responsible, as John Gardner put it in the foreword to Conant's report, "for providing good and appropriate education, both academic and vocational, for all young people within a democratic environment which the American people believe serves the principles they cherish." For many years, educators and laymen alike have taken pride in the fact that few nations provide full-time schooling for 90 per cent of their youth, a substantial portion of whom go on to higher education. Yet, even as the holding power of the high school steadily rose, questions were being raised as to whether the school was indeed offering "good and appropriate education." The commission's attempt to put the high school of today in historical context is somewhat thin.

Shortly after World War II, at a conference on "Vocational Education in the Years Ahead," sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education, Charles A. Prosser offered a resolution which expressed the belief that, while high schools prepared 20 per cent of their graduates for college and a similar percentage to enter skilled occupations, the remaining 60 per cent were not receiving the "life adjusting training they need and to which they are entitled as American citizens." It was argued that high schools were not adequately serving three-fifths of America's youth and that major reforms were needed in curriculum, guidance and opportunities for work experience. "Life adjustment" soon came under sharp attack and ridicule, but while the term faded away, the basic problems which the Prosser resolution had attempted to address are still unsolved.

In the early 1950s, Arthur Bestor was in the vanguard of the critics of progressive and life adjustment education, which were perceived as being at the root of America's educational ills. In *Education Wastelands: A Retreat from Learning in Our Public Schools*, Bestor attacked the quality of secondary education, calling for a return to the basic subjects of the curriculum. At the same time, Adm. Hyman Rickover became one of the most vocal spokesmen for selective and specialized secondary schools, patterned after those then found in most European nations, which aim to develop critical thinking skills through training in the traditional subject areas, and to give special attention to the needs of the gifted.

The October 1957 launching of Sputnik raised a storm of criticism of America's educational system, particularly of high schools where the watering down of the curriculum was perceived as contributing to the country's second place in the conquest of space. The National Defense Education Act of 1958 provided funds for upgrading the teaching of science, mathematics and foreign languages, and for improving guidance and counseling.

Throughout the late 1950s and 1960s, committees and commissions supported by the federal government and foundations undertook projects in practically all of the subject areas. This so-called "era of innovation" was marked by new curricula, organization, technology, staff deployment; but, as Silberman observed, "the reform movement has produced innumerable changes, and yet the schools themselves are largely unchanged."

Silberman opened his chapter on reforming the high school with an observation by a Ford Foundation officer that: "Not too many of us realize how bad American schools are from the point of view of humanity, respect, or dignity." To which Silberman added that the secondary schools were the worst of all—far more authoritarian and repressive than the elementary schools, since adolescents were harder to control. The values which high schools tried to transmit were those of "docility, pacificity, conformity, and lack of trust." Like many other observers, Silberman judged that the changes which did take place skirted the basic question of what the schools were for.

When student dissent and unrest spread to the high schools from the college campuses in the late 1960s, the dominant cry was "curricular irrelevance." The riots and demonstrations of the period—part of a larger social unrest—together with developments in the 1970s have triggered another reassessment of the goals, structure, operations and control mechanisms in the schools.

The National Commission on the Reform of Secondary Education was established "to re-examine the goals, programs and directions of secondary education." Its twenty

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members were selected because they could presumably speak for a number of the professional associations and other groups (i.e., "a state legislature, the teaching profession, teacher training institutions, volunteer and tutorial programs, career education, higher education, high school student bodies and the private sector"). The commission chairman and the major author of *The Reform of Secondary Education* was B. Frank Brown, who gained national fame as principal of the Melbourne, Fla., ungraded high school. National panels of students, teachers, parents, principals and superintendents were set up to augment the work of the commission. In addition to monthly meetings, the commission visited schools and sponsored a survey of national goals.

The commission's report consists of thirty-two recommendations, each of which is discussed in greater or lesser detail. The recommendations are a curiously uneven mixture, ranging from the first, which urges that "every secondary school formulate a statement of goals and develop performance criteria for students," to the last, which pronounces that "school boards and administrators at the local level must provide opportunities for female students to participate in programs of competitive team sports that are comparable to the opportunities for males." The recommendations deal with issues that are of profound importance as well as many that seem shallow: lowering the age of compulsory attendance could have significant implications for the organization and operation of schools, while suggestions for handling grade point averages and rank in class seem relatively unimportant.

What is lacking in the report is any cohesive concept of the nature of secondary education to pull together the disparate recommendations and provide them with some direction and meaning. The commission argues for reform—"If the high school is to survive as an institution, a concerted effort must be made to solve its many problems"—but builds no real case for its recommendations, failing to come to grips with the basic issues of the high school as an environment for bridging the periods from childhood to maturity.

The commission sees education as "warped by the tension between a rapidly changing society and a slowly changing school." It regrets that millions of dollars spent to find ways of speeding educational change have produced neither significant findings nor practical recommendations. Since research has been of little help, it is unclear how badly needed "information on how to bring about change of sufficient magnitude to promise better education for all the nation's youth" is to be acquired. While the commission urges reform, it never tackles the problem of institutional change except to exhort that its recommendations be implemented.

What are the conditions that argue for reforming secondary education? The commission briefly sketches a half dozen:

(*1*) Within the past decade, the costs of operating high schools have doubled and student populations come from more diverse backgrounds. Whether the students are really more diverse or whether the schools are becoming more sensitive to cultural pluralism is a question the commission never examines. With the nation now at zero population growth, education, which had been the country's fastest growing enterprise, ceased expanding and is now becoming "the victim of an economy of declining populations."

(*2*) The teacher *shortage* of a million in 1955 has shifted by 1969 to a *surplus* of teachers which reached 125,000 by 1973. The commission sees several implications: (*a*) colleges and universities will now be able to select trainees more rigorously; (*b*) teacher institutions will have to change their programs to meet more fully the expectations of the high schools; and (*c*) the focus of leadership in secondary education has now shifted from the university level to the local scene. Thus, the commission is on the verge of discovering the ferment which has taken place in teacher education in the past dozen years.

(*3*) The so-called "decade of experimentation and innovation" between 1962 and 1972 has "had very little or no lasting effect on the content of school programs or the quality of teaching and learning." The commission accepts the Ford Foundation conclusion that money alone was not enough and that most innovations disappeared with "the departure of the charismatic promoter or with the reduction of external funding." However, the commission does not explore problems effecting change.

(*4*) High schools are described as "beleaguered institutions" in crisis, with large city systems "on the verge of collapse." Compulsory attendance laws are no longer working; tardiness and class-cutting are rampant. Attendance rates have dropped sharply, with resulting cuts in funding which is based on average daily attendance. In the past few years, "crime has become part of the normal experience in many high schools." In the commission's view, declining achievement in city schools, dwindling attendance nationally and increasing crime—"such diseases must be diagnosed and cured." While the portrait of the high school as a disaster area is not inaccurate in many urban and metropolitan areas, large numbers of schools are not much different from what they were in the 1950s. The commission seems to see the 15,000 high schools as all cut from a single pattern.

(*5*) Periodically, society insists on what the commission sees as sudden and traumatic changes in the mission of the high schools. It characterizes the high school today as "striving to meet the complex demands of a society in the throes of social change, at a time when the school system has become too large as an institution and is literally overrun with a mix of young people from inconsistent social backgrounds." This, the commission observes, is a difficult circumstance, since "the pressure of these forces exhausts the strength of the high school as an organized institution" —whatever that may mean!

(*6*) Finally, the commission discounts efforts to eliminate high schools and to de-school society as "an exercise in scholarly discourse which cannot be taken very seriously." A single sentence on the relative influence of home and school, avoids the ongoing debate on whether or to what extent schooling makes a difference.

Having given this catalogue of reasons for change, the commission declares that its recommendations evolved "from careful scrutiny of the schools and long debate" and cautions that, while some of the proposals for reform may seem radical, "today's conditions must be treated

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at the roots." But because so much of what goes on in secondary education is omitted from its almost cursory analysis—e.g., the instructional processes, the school as a social system, the adolescent society and the youth culture, the interrelationships of youth-serving agencies in the community, the militancy and professionalism of the staff, decision-making and school governance, etc.—the commission's rhetoric is often pontifical and unenlightening. Many of its recommendations fail even to address root conditions.

The first two recommendations call for every school, with participation on the part of the community, to formulate a statement of goals and develop performance criteria for students—such statements to be posted conspicuously in each school building. George Gallup undertook a National Goals Survey for the commission, polling students, parents, teachers and school administrators on the relative importance of goals. The commission's list of thirteen content and process goals is neither better nor worse than most such lists; it considerably overlaps the Seven Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education, issued in 1918.

A number of recommendations presumably deal with revitalizing the content of secondary education—certainly at the center of any proposals for reform. The commission suggests that the content of traditional high school curricula be revised to eliminate busy work, that greater attention be paid to the earlier maturation of adolescents, and that there be better evaluation of the degree to which students are achieving the stated goals and objectives of the particular school. It recommends that the National Assessment of Educational Progress become the "bulwark of educational accountability." It is difficult to argue with such recommendations, except to note that they are obvious and to ask what they can do to revitalize content. But the commission's "basis for curricular revision" is found in its declaration that high schools no longer be required to serve "purely custodial functions," keeping in school 14-year-olds who do not wish to be there.

This proposal has serious implications. If 14-year-olds have not acquired "some motivation toward learning," if they are problems for the staff and interfere with learning by their peers, then the content and processes need revision so that involvement and commitment to learning and development are enhanced. The possibility that schools will intensify their push-out efforts, ridding themselves of those who "damage the learning environment," could be the ultimate educational cop-out. Furthermore, it assumes that the present learning environment is adequate and appropriate for the majority of youth, when it is the total enterprise that needs reappraisal.

The commission undoubtedly sees two sets of recommendations as dealing with the problem—career education and alternative programs and schools. Career education is an enterprise sponsored by the U.S. Office of Education that supposedly goes beyond vocational training and equips youth "with marketable skills, whether or not they plan to continue their education." The commission urges that high schools realign curricula so that students receive a "range of experiences and activities broad enough to permit them to take full advantage of career opportunities in their communities." In urban areas especially, where low achievement and low motivation are most intense, recommendations that full advantage be taken of nonexistent career opportunities are unrealistic and could incapacitate the youth in those areas.

The commission also recommends the creation of alternative schools and programs, so that "every adolescent should, with proper guidance, be able to select those forms of schooling and learning most congenial to his basic learning style, philosophical orientation, and tastes." The commission sees the standard comprehensive high school, continuing its programs within a traditional context, as the keystone of a system of alternative schools—mobile schools, street academies, action education, academic and vocational apprenticeships, schools without walls—"limited only by the legitimate needs of adolescents and the vivacity of the imagination of educational planners."

Experience with alternative schools suggests that those youths who might profit most from such options have been the least able to identify, initiate, or make a go of them. For a variety of reasons, it is currently fashionable to advocate options and alternatives, but in the absence of some conceptual framework for guiding youth education, the commission's advocacy of school being "not only 'where you find it,' but 'when you want it,' " is almost too glib. Discussing alternative paths to completing the requirements for high school graduation, the commission urges educators to recognize "that authentic learning can take place in a wide variety of settings, many of them remote from the schoolhouse." But, the commission then concerns itself with credential procedures rather than with possible programs for such learning.

The commission is also concerned with problems of school security and recommends that every school develop plans to safeguard students, faculty, equipment and facilities, including specific procedures to be developed in case of disruption. It also suggests legislation requiring principals to submit detailed reports on all serious assaults in the building. Aside from wishing to reduce the size of high schools, the commission's suggestions for coping with the security problem are of the order of the design and location of toilets and increased cooperation with law-enforcement personnel. It mentions, but does not pursue, two significant causes of security problems: lack of substance and meaning in the classroom and social injustices and inequities in the community.

Tucked into a series of suggestions about student rights and responsibilities are two critical recommendations. One is the proposal, mentioned above, that the formal school-leaving age be dropped to 14, with legislation written to assure on-the-job training in full-time service and work. A second is for Congress and the states to enact legislation entitling each citizen to fourteen years of tuition-free education beyond kindergarten, only eight of which would be compulsory and the remaining six available at any stage of the individual's life. Even the commission was deeply troubled by some of the implications of these recommendations and urged that real alternatives for employment and modes of education be developed first. The recommendation that school-leaving age be lowered comes at a time when most other national systems are striving to raise it. The concept of a guaranteed fourteen years of education is being ex-

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plored in a number of European countries under the rubric of "recurrent education." However, if the commission examined developments in the education of youth in other countries, its report does not so indicate.

There are a variety of other recommendations, somewhat unrelated and of uneven order: teacher-training institutions should revise their programs so that new teachers can work in several instructional modes; bias in textbooks should be eliminated; counselors should provide equally positive guidance regarding educational choices, regardless of sex or ethnic background; every school should have a committee to investigate instances of inequality and discrimination; and all students should derive from their education an ability to cope with significant global issues. The commission urges that all vestiges of sexism in the schools be eliminated.

In short the two most "radical" changes which this commission advocates are a reduction of the years of compulsory schooling (although the availability of free education would be increased to fourteen years) and the increase of alternative programs to extend the freedom of choice. Removing so-called unmotivated youth from the high school permits that institution to carry on essentially as it has in the past, without confronting the really tough issues of reform of the educational process. And, advocating opportunities for work experience in settings where these do not really exist can only intensify the problems of educating youth and even create serious difficulties for the labor market generally, unless the long-range implications for society at large are considered.

Reform of secondary education should not be aimed primarily at making schools function more smoothly, nor at dealing with the crises of the moment. Education is not scheduling, policing, or keeping a particular age group out of society's hair. Reforms directed toward these aspects of schools' operations are peripheral, not central. The more basic questions must still be dealt with—what should be taught, when, how, under what circumstances, by whom, using what resources, and evaluated in what fashion. Proposals for reform of secondary education must deal with the processes and opportunities provided youth, recognizing that not all of these educative opportunities take place in the classroom, nor are they provided entirely through the vehicles of conventional subjects, nor will traditional structures and organizations suffice, nor will they be supported by the same technologies and delivery systems, nor will the relationships to the community and other youth-serving agencies be static.

In this respect, although some of its proposed alternatives for change are debatable, the report of another commission, the Panel on Youth of the President's Science Advisory Committee, titled "Youth: Transition to Adulthood," is a far more cohesive and thoughtful examination of the background and issues. That panel asks the more profound question: "What are appropriate environments in which youth can best grow into adults?" They argue that "it is time to reappraise the contexts of youth, to question even the most accepted and ordinary aspects of their institutional settings, and to consider the reformation of existing structures and if necessary the creation of new ones." Responding to immediate crises can lead only to superficial tinkering. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 610)*

American Embassy. That this practice is intended as a support for the growers against the Farm Workers is indicated by the absence of embassy support for advertising and sales of UFW lettuce. . . .

When the embassy is asked for information on the boycott . . . the conflict is always portrayed as merely one between two unions. That, of course, is the growers' line. It was rejected by the California Supreme Court on December 29, 1972 in a case called *Englund* v. *Chavez*. The embassy in Stockholm does not seem willing to acknowledge the validity of this decision nor to disclose its contents when corresponding with Swedish wholesalers and chain stores. . . .

Victor Pestoff

no stereotype

Worcester, Mass.

In his otherwise perceptive article ["Alumni Magazines: The Editors Reach Out," *The Nation*, Oct. 5], Mark Singer blundered when he dismissed *The Holy Cross Quarterly* as an alumni specialty publication "devoted entirely to Catholic-oriented subjects: e.g., an issue on the Berrigans". . . .

That issue provoked more than 3,000 letters and such a demand for copies that a second printing of 20,000 copies had to be run off. Within a year of its publication it became, first a paperback (Avon), then a hard-cover edition (Praeger), and finally a German edition (Kösel), that all together sold more than 60,000 copies. One of its articles was reprinted in *The New Republic* as a lead article. It won *Newsweek*'s annual award for the alumni publication with the best public affairs content. (Harvard and M.I.T. came in second and third in that competition.) I could go on and on with such facts, but it would be boring (even to me) and a good example of overkill. It is not a boast but merely a statement of fact to say that the Berrigan issue of *The Holy Cross Quarterly* was, and continues to be, the single most famous issue of any alumni magazine ever published. I am proud to have been its editor.

Since that time the *Quarterly* has gone on to publish other issues on other subjects, e.g., women, education, the Mideast, the city of Worcester and the problem of Ulster. The forthcoming issue will be an extensive study of China.

It is disappointing that Mark Singer finds it difficult to think of Catholic colleges in anything but stereotyped images derived from the past. . . .

William Van Etten Casey, S.J., Editor
The Holy Cross Quarterly

New York City

My apologies to Father Casey. *Holy Cross Quarterly* is clearly more catholic than Catholic. I don't think it's fair, however, to infer from my article that I regard all Catholic colleges in stereotyped images. It just ain't so.

Mark Singer

matter of timing

New York City

In the Nov. 30th *Nation*, Lawrence Alloway reviewed the exhibition, "Contemporary Graphic Protest . . . in the Grand Tradition," which I have prepared for the Pratt Graphics Center Gallery. He indicated that the exhibition "follows closely" my book, *The Indignant Eye*, and thus discusses my book rather than the exhibition. . . .

The book was completed in 1967 or 1968 and published in 1969 (reviewed in *The Nation* of Nov. 3, 1969), not published "last year," as Alloway suggested. I am not quibbling—a major purpose of the exhibition is to give examples, in the "Contemporary" section, of the remarkable expansion of print-making techniques in recent years—use of photographic imagery, embossing, seemingly found materials, and so on—and to demonstrate that protest art can be expressed imaginatively and in the modern idiom. All except two of the twenty examples of "Contemporary Protest" were created after my book was written. . . .

Ralph E. Shikes

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Soviets' Problem—Or Is it Ours?

REED WHITTEMORE

My wife Helen, our 18-year-old son Ned and I flew into Moscow late last winter wearing very large boots because we knew that in winter one needed boots in Moscow to wade through the heavy snow. We also wore heavy winter coats and fur hats, but in Moscow when we arrived the weather was mild and there was no snow in the streets. The condition persisted. In two weeks in the USSR we never again wore our heavy boots. At the end we had them quietly shipped home.

Our political timing was bad too. We arrived in Moscow to be the guests of the Soviet Writers' Union—an exchange arrangement with the U.S. State Department—in the week that Solzhenitsyn appeared on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek* for having been booted out of the USSR, presumably at the behest of the Writers' Union. Our hosts did not wish to talk of Solzhenitsyn's exile, nor to introduce us to dissenters who might wish to talk about it. Our hosts preferred to talk about American literature. We on the other hand had an American imperative to talk about Solzhenitsyn's exile; the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* told us to. We should have shipped our imperative home with the boots.

When our hosts did talk about Soviet literature they talked about the virtues and accomplishments of the Soviet Writers' Union, and since the West has never paid any attention to these, what they said was instructive. We were treated to a view of the nondissenting core of Soviet writing that the West chooses to ignore but is there. It is living in ordinary dailiness in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities, and though the dissent against it is reputed to be severe, the outsider who is guest of the Writers' Union can see none of this. What he sees is a steady, solid establishment determined not to flap. (At about the same time as our visit, however, the novelist Herb Gold was in Kiev under unofficial auspices, meeting and talking with dissenters, and reporting that resentment of establishment repression was now firmly built into all Soviet intellectual life.)

The Writers' Union in Moscow is the nucleus of an organization of 7,000 writers who man a network of publications and translation projects, as well as performing their own diverse writing chores. The magnitude of the publications and projects is impressive and insisted upon, but the headquarters of the Writers' Union is modest. It was once the stables for a great mansion that figured in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. It is a drab one-story U-shaped building with many small offices and a dining hall. The largest office I saw was occupied not by a writer but an economist.

This economist has been many things besides an economist—an ambassador even—but economics rather than literature is his profession and must have brought him the big office. He has received wide recognition as a scholar—even in our country he has honorary degrees, from Harvard and Illinois—but he is obviously more than a scholar; he is a leader, a presence, a man accustomed to command. He is ironic and witty; he likes to bait his conversational opponents—particularly, one would guess, Americans—and he is good at it, but he displayed no malice in my presence. He told me that English was harder to learn than Chinese, and we agreed—in English not Chinese—that American ineptitude at languages was a national vice. He treated me with efficient grace, escorted me from his good office and I did not see him again. He is Nikolai Fedorenko, secretary-general of the Writers' Union.

The rest of the Moscow establishment that we met was more writerly. Among those we saw frequently were two poets —Mikhail Lukonin and Sergei Narovchatov—and a kindly, mild-mannered translator, Valentin Kotkin, who has done John Cheever and Agatha Christie and now wants to take on the next Arthur Hailey. We also had a number of sessions with a variety of scholars learned in American literature, all of whom had impressive titles. But it was Nikolai Fedorenko with nothing on his calling card but "USSR"—and with the same apparently repeated on the back in Chinese—who seemed to be in charge.

Another important personage in the Moscow establishment was Freda Lurie, interpreter and guide, of whom Lukonin said admiringly, "a real professional." He was speaking of her skills as interpreter but she was literary too, and of high standing in the union. Friendly and outgoing, she liked to try out her American slang on us. She was quick to catch innuendos, sense trouble in corners. She mothered us, fussing over our cars, planes, trains, pulling strings to get us seats for ballet and circus, worrying about our finances. When I think of the Writers' Union I think of her first and then the union seems a kindly wayside inn where intellectuals talk without rancor and the sky is kept cloudless by planned good will.

The intellectuals also drink and eat at the Writers' Union. There was a lot of that. On our first full day in Moscow our decks were washed steadily with vodka and wine for two hours in mid-afternoon. Then I was carted off to a seminar room to read poems and talk learnedly about my country. I was very learned. Poet Lukonin presided at this first feast and he kept pouring our vodka into our wine glasses rather than the smaller vodka glasses. He had a story to go with the vodka pouring about an aged arthritic vodka drinker whose hand was unable to close on small glasses. He had many stories, many toasts. On this first day I was pleased that he seemed pleased with my drinking. I was also pleased that I did not have to be carried home.

We were hurried off on the night train to Leningrad as I harbored this pleasure. We stayed in Leningrad four days, flew to Georgia for four days, then flew back to Moscow for a final three. In all, when I was not toasting or being toasted, I read poetry and talked about American poetry and America in front of ten or twelve audiences, of which the biggest were English-speaking audiences at the universities of Moscow, Leningrad and Tbilisi. The students at these universities were anxious to be up to date on things American, and their questions were themselves instructive. For example: What do you think of the songs of Simone [*sic*] and Garfunkel? What about the *really new* names? Do you in the United States distinguish between the poetry of the white and the poetry of the black? What is your attitude toward Marxism? Could you please tell us if Faulkner fits your idea of modernism? Please say what you can about Ogden Nash. How about Edgar Allan Poe's influence on contemporary American literature? Will

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Reed Whittemore teaches English at the University of Maryland. His most recent volume of verse, The Mother's Breast & The Father's House, *has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Company, and he is preparing a biography of William Carlos Williams.*

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you ask your son to sing songs? (I asked. Ned sang.)

In Tbilisi the university audience knew perhaps less English than the classes in the north and was more subdued, but their preoccupation with American jazz made up for the language block. A student jazz band played ten-year-old rock-and-roll for us as we left, with its amplifiers blurry but deafening. The band's female singer was a hefty disciple of Aretha Franklin.

When not addressing students I spoke around tables to experts on Faulkner, Hemingway, little magazines, what not. I was quizzed on the mechanics of applying for a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, queried about how a young aspiring American writer could break into print, asked to suggest contemporary poets worthy of translation, and questioned with great exactitude about details in the life of the poet I am at present preparing a book about, William Carlos Williams. These specialist audiences varied in their capacity to speak English but were uniformly knowledgeable about American letters—and uniformly anxious to display how up to date their knowledge was.

But some of our hosts were writers and editors without special American assignments. These had as little English as we had Russian. We were therefore always accompanied by a young woman with a leopard coat and yellow boots named Tanya. She guided us through the wilderness. She read menus and directions to us. She translated toasts for us, and solved other basic survival problems. She even found out for us, when we arrived by train in Leningrad, that the photographers on the station platform were taking pictures not of us but of Raúl Castro and his entourage who had been on the same train. It was stupid but we simply could not learn to say, "How do you do" or "Where is the bathroom?" How absurd not to know the Russian alphabet, not to be able to read a host's name, syllable by syllable. Many of our hosts, to be sure, had equal trouble with English but the fault—since *we* had come to *them*—seemed ours. There, particularly, was I, walking about their country as a characteristically dissenting American literary intellectual, talking glibly of the importance of the American dissent tradition, professing to be broad-minded—and all the time feeling irredeemably American, incapable of breaking away for an instant from our language, money, hamburgers.

If we were stupid about the limitations of our dissent they were silent about theirs. I would mention Solzhenitsyn, Mandelstam, Brodsky, the forbidden names, and there would be no follow-up, the names would not be mentioned back. Even Yevtushenko wasn't mentioned back. We had a fine lunch at the poet Narovchatov's, the conversation seemed warm and open; but after the party I learned that Narovchatov had spoken out publicly—and presumably officially—against Yevtushenko in a letter to the *Literary Gazette* (circulation 1.5 million) just that week. Why at the private lunch could he not have mentioned the public letter?

But I was learning how little I knew. The littleness began, I think, in Leningrad with the Castro experience and radiated out. Not that we made no friends and learned nothing in Leningrad. There was even a party there for us at the home of the editor of *Aurora* (circulation 150,000) where we learned about dirty jokes on the Armenian radio and drank so much that I cannot now say whether or not we discussed Solzhenitsyn, but I know that our host read a long poem of mine out loud in Russian and it sounded well, and Ned played his guitar and it sounded well, and everything sounded well and there was obviously no chasm between the Russians and the Americans. Then, too, the fiction editor of *Aurora*, a very large man, kept drinking two vodkas to everyone else's one and saying his two English words, "Let's go!" That party was instructive, as was a friendly session at Leningrad University, a moving trip to the Leningrad cemetery with a shy doctor-poet, and a long tour through Leningrad's great art museum, The Hermitage, where we again met Raúl. There was all this instruction, yet the ignorance crept over us anyway.

I had thought for example that I knew something about Socialist Realism. I had read the English Marxist critic Arnold Kettle and I had worked hard over the book on Socialist Realism most widely circulated in the United States, Georg Lukacs' *Realism in Our Time*. I knew that though Lukacs had had trouble with the Soviet regime (if he had not he would never have been well-read in the United States), his stand against capitalism and its literary offshoot, modernism, was firm and stern—equal in firmness, I assumed, to Lukonin's and Narovchatov's. In modernism Lukacs found only *Angst*, chaos, uncontrolled subjectivity, and an unhealthy preoccupation with form and style that militated against the kind of literature of which he approved, an Aristotelian literature as he put it, a literature that dealt with man as *zoon politikon*. Lukacs asserted that any modern writer with perspective was a writer with Socialist perspective. He insisted that realism itself consisted of recognizing the Marxist "objective" historical view of society and social change. With all this anti-capitalism built into him I did not think that I could go far astray in my talks if I mentioned him, especially since I had myself found him sufficiently perceptive about modernist literature that I could be honest in praising him. Yet as soon as I mentioned him in Leningrad at the university the professor of the class I had been invited to broke in to chide me for being *behind the times*. I should read Christopher Caudwell, he said, or Ralph Fox.

What was the professor telling me? I had skimmed through Caudwell once, and pictured him as a sort of British Stalinist of the 1930s who would hardly be an "advance" over Lukacs. As for Fox I had never heard of him, but when his name was mentioned by the professor the whole class laughed. What did *that* mean? Whom were they laughing at? —at the professor for hewing too close to some current party directive?—at me for simple ignorance? I never found out. What I did find out was that I would have had to spend much more time than we had available with that class before I would have been able to catch its particular Leningradian nuances, and would also have had to spend much more time than we had available in the Soviet Union as a whole before I would know with any assurance whether Socialist Realism even really still *existed* there as practical daily aesthetic doctrine, and if so in what form. Reading the likes of Lukacs in a lounge chair in the United States would never tell me. Nonetheless, after the Leningrad class I did go back to my Lukacs volume, and did find what could be construed as subversion:

> The motives of the modernists' opposition to Stalinist dogmatists' rejection of formalism are likewise mixed. Defense of extreme modernism goes hand in hand with a—justified—rejection of the dogmatists' oversimplifications about subject matter and style of realism, and of their tendency to suppress the contradictions existing in Socialist society, their reduction of the "Socialist perspective" to childish happy endings.

That was a start perhaps. From that I could at least deduce a Lukacs who had troubled authority, perhaps by specific reference to specific "oversimplifiers." Yet I still did not understand the Leningrad professor. The most complicated construction to be put on his chiding was that he was really not chiding at all, but telling me indirectly in his Caudwell-Fox code that the Soviet Union had *again* retreated into Stalinism, was *again* in a period of "oversimplification." But I didn't know that he intended any such confession. I was over my head. I had no way of discovering what might or

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might not at that moment constitute "oversimplification" for a loyal union member.

It was not only that the practical working side of Socialist Realism could not be understood in meaningful detail by an outsider only conversant with theory; it was also that the very much not-dead Czarist past kept showing up and competing with Socialist doctrine, muddying the waters. Why was it that Solzhenitsyn was a menace and Peter the Great was not, except that the latter could no longer speak up? Leningrad seemed—from the point of view of a visiting American—to be one great big Russian Williamsburg sitting on top of the revolutionary Socialist state, a handsome but ridiculous anomaly. Peter had made it all in one tyrannical swoop, and now the progressive Socialists were bending every civic back to restore or preserve what he, their ancient enemy, had done. How odd, that they should physically restore a past more despicable than capitalism. Yet the same oddness that restored the buildings could be found lurking also in their artistic doctrine. Soviet art was weighted down to the ground with traditionalist sentiment antedating socialism. The Russian Revolution had simply not made it to the "make-it-new" artistic revolution of the early century in the West. It was, therefore, wasn't it, a big mistake to think that Soviet objections to modernism were exclusively or even primarily Socialist objections? They had to be equally the objections of stern Mother-Russia traditionalists who did not like to see old forms and conventions violated, and who thought that the make-it-new doctrine was itself, without regard for its decadent following, erroneous. Chamber of Commerce views of modernism in the United States are much the same.

In Leningrad the traditionalism is stronger than in Moscow, perhaps because Leningrad hates Moscow and so seeks ways of asserting its difference; but Moscow is crammed full of the past too, the Kremlin itself being a giant monument to grim old centuries. As for Georgia, in Georgia we found the traditionalism fiercer yet. In Georgia we did nothing but look at medieval Christian churches and icons, and be advised of the marvels of Georgia's ancient triple rhymes. Since in our country we now have trouble with single rhymes I did in Georgia begin to feel very revolutionary. And when I thought not only of Russia's modernist literary exiles but also of Chagall and Kandinsky and how their paintings at Leningrad's Hermitage are hidden away in the cellar because they are socially unhealthy, I began to conceive that these artists' ill health proceeded not from their modernist subjectivism or perhaps their rootless cosmopolitanism, but from their simple repudiation of the old formal holies of traditionalist Western art. If that was so, then Socialist Realism was not at all what had put them in the cellar but Mother Russia herself, wanting the past preserved, the old pictures on the mantel. My knowledge of Socialist Realism grew dimmer and dimmer.

Then there was one morning when I did not talk to an audience at all but listened and became more ignorant. I had expected to talk to an audience because I woke up every morning expecting to talk to an audience, and since on this morning we were programmed to visit an elementary school where they specialized in English-language training I prepared myself, over breakfast tea, to tell the nice little children in their neat suits and dresses about William Carlos Williams' red wheelbarrow. But I never did. When we arrived at the school we were taken to the principal's office and it was the principal who talked. He talked for an hour about the school system, then led us upstairs and pushed us in and out of several classes, in each of which we had brief indoctrination in Soviet language-teaching methods and resources. At the end we were walked to the school's treasure, a small room described as a museum that had, pinned to the walls, a number of simple student-made exhibits of the life and accomplishments of a certain Soviet hero by the name of Richard Sorge. Their most famous spy. We were then made to sit in the museum for twenty minutes while Sorge and his spying and his eventual execution by the Japanese were explained to us by a doctrinaire female pedagogue of great earnestness. As this woman concluded her address to us she brought forth her most dramatic assertion, which she had been saving: the students themselves had *spontaneously* and on their own hook decided to start the school museum in his honor, and to name the school after him. (The school, we then learned, *had* been so named, as had five other schools in the USSR.) So I spoke not a word that morning but went away wondering if we in the United States had any schools named after Allen Dulles or Gary Powers. Also, why had the Leningradians programmed *us* to listen to the heroic-spy lecture? The children at the school were indeed very good in English.

Never out of my mind after I had achieved ignorance was the question of how much the West, and particularly the United States by its long-term top-to-bottom denial of all things Soviet, had managed to shape and strengthen the Russian defensive postures we were constantly and uncomfortably witness to. There seemed little doubt that Socialist Realism is itself a defensive ideology in the same league as elevating espionage to the realm of the heroic. Soviet defensiveness is hard for an American to understand because we think *we* have been defensively holding *them* off for three-quarters of a century. But it is obvious that they think *they* will not survive if they can't keep *us* out—us in the form of our decadence, nihilism, immorality and anti-social individualism as much as our money and our prattling about the freedoms. Not just our soldiers and shekels but the whole capitalist "sickness" is what they fear, from modernism to Coca-Cola. Even a subtle, sophisticated thinker like Lukacs cannot refrain from polemic when contending with the "diabolic" character—he actually uses that word—of capitalism. Lukacs is generous enough to acknowledge with Gide that without the devil there would be no art, but the puritanical elements in the party cannot be expected to do so. Anyway, the big point is not what they *ought* to believe or acknowledge; the point is that for all shades of Soviet opinion we *are* the devil. Our recognition of that opinion of us may well be the first important step in our understanding of them.

Yet another perhaps slightly ridiculous way of looking at our relationship with them might be mentioned—a political variant on ancient Freudian gospel. To the extent that capitalism is the father of communism the Soviets are a child with an Oedipus complex and would like to knock us off. But the West is also mamma in a sense—mamma being the art and culture of the West as well as its decadence—and with mamma therefore the Soviets would like to go to bed. So the big hate-love affair goes on, and goes on with them in the child's role despite the youthfulness of *our* culture. It is our press insists we be the adults who know everything.

La la. So we flew off to Georgia after four days of mysterious Leningrad, and being warmly met in the middle of the cold night at the empty airport of Tbilisi we began another round of parties. Some of the food made our American stomachs queasy, food like boiled brains, kidneys, oddly pickled fish and nearly raw suckling pig; but the drinking was fine, the toasts endless and we spun along grandly except at one party where I forgot my ignorance and rose unwisely to my Solzhenitsyn routine. I made a speech when I proposed a toast to our host—everybody had been making speeches because speeches slowed down the enormous consumption of a fine Georgian white wine—and in

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my speech I said that what I wanted to say I wanted to say in the friendliest way. I wanted to say that it was a tragic fact about the relations between our two countries, that for us their most celebrated living writer at the moment was a man they had exiled, and that there were others like Brodsky in Michigan who were hardly improving our image of the USSR. My good host listened. When I sat down he rose to say that in the friendliest way he spoke to me, a welcome guest in his house, to say that he felt it was improper for me as a guest in his house to say what I had said!

I was silenced. The party went on, we parted friends. Two days later we left Georgia with gifts and warm handshakes but the episode lingered in the cells of my brain devoted to paranoia. I imagined that the news of my impropriety had been passed back to Moscow where upon arrival we would find ourselves on a blacklist. At my first lecture back in Moscow my fear seemed initially confirmed.

The lecture was at the University of Moscow where six weeks later Senator Kennedy would display an American imperative similar to mine by trying to take a poll of his audience's opinions of Soviet military expenditures. In *The New York Times* the headline the next day reported the Soviets *baffled* by Kennedy's conduct. But the text in both the *Times* and *The Washington Post* indicated less bafflement—they are not the idiots about voting procedures that the American press makes them out to be—than annoyance at Kennedy's effort to stir up some sort of confrontation. "Provocative" was the word of an elder in the audience to describe Kennedy's ploy, and the word seemed appropriate. Anyway, six weeks earlier at that same place I managed not to be provocative, but when I first entered the classroom I thought that news of my Georgian provocativeness had preceded me. The room had about forty students in it but the room was tiny and there were at least forty more in the hall unable to enter. As I began to speak I was pressed up so close to the blackboard that I could with difficulty turn around to use it. I was sure that the room was part of a plot to restrict my diabolism.

Yet the students were eager, attentive, easily amused. My talk went well and after twenty minutes Freda Lurie rushed in upon us to say she had found a larger room down the hall. We marched there —it was three times as large—and filled it: the tale of the loaves and fishes. I got over my paranoia for the day.

But there was much to be uneasy about beyond my indiscretion in Georgia. Modernism, capitalism, rootless cosmopolitanism, decadence, iron curtain, Solzhenitsyn—the whole mixed up in American-tourist stew. And the days were gray and damp, and when we were not programmed we would walk out on the streets, the streets being gray and damp and the humanity grayly dressed and damp, and we would feel fearful and alone in the face of so many bodies moving so purposefully to unknown destinations. On a Sunday morning beside the Kremlin the crowds were so large—and mixed in with the civilians were so many platoons of the Red Army, tough young farm boys careening along in brown phalanxes—that the sidewalk seemed a great river with the current always against us, and we did not want to go to the Kremlin at all and look at those churches but go back to the hotel and shut the door. We were fragile; we might not last there.

And in the restaurants they mostly despised us. We were so stupid that we did not understand that nobody could have the main course until all the others had eaten all of their soup and salad. And why could we not learn that waiters were not to be waved at and snapped fingers at but were Soviet citizens who could stand by the kitchen door for as long as they chose before coming to serve the stupid Amerikanskys.

Thirteen days, then off to Paris. On the last Russian night, at the home of our poet host Lukonin we had the final big dose of international amity and cheers for poesy. We were all fatigued, the toasts were short, there were uncomfortable silences and only one moment of truth. That was after I had remarked to Lukonin that I hoped he would come to our country again (he had been on a tour like mine, with State Department hosting) but that if he did he should be prepared for occasional hostility. When my words were transmitted to him he knew I was being provocative again—he had been present at the event in Georgia—but he nodded at me and said with heat, through Freda, "I *bet* you, I *bet* you it will pass."

The next day Freda and the translator of John Cheever took us to the airport. There was an exchange of gifts and affection. As we passed through the passport barrier I felt sentimental: it had been good, they had been good and we had not been all devil. I walked out into the bare waiting room with my sentiment, and our lives seemed bare like the room. I hoped then, though I didn't know quite what I was hoping, that friend Lukonin would win his bet.

Now we've been home ten months wondering what it was that happened to us over there and reading the American press as it pushes the imperative and tells us nothing of Russia that is not of dissent in Russia. What I think I have finally learned is that if Lukonin is ever to win his bet it will be as much because we have reduced the pressures of our imperative upon *them* as because *they* have modified their "oversimplifications" and repression. La la. □

ART BOOKS / Lawrence Alloway

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTS

(Arranged alphabetically by artist)

THOMAS HART BENTON. *By Matthew Baigell. Harry N. Abrams. 101 color, 129 black-and-white illustrations. 282 pp. Pre-Christmas $35; thereafter $40.*

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The "In Perspective" series collects interpretative essays in chronological order, so that the history of ideas is indicated as it is reflected in changing views of the artist. The introductions are all interesting, dealing with the history of criticism, but the reprinted material is often too brief. For example, Karl Jaspers on Van Gogh's schizophrenia is slashed to 3 pages. Scrappy to say the least.

RICHARD DADD. *By Patricia Allderidge. St. Martin's Press. 15 color, 100*

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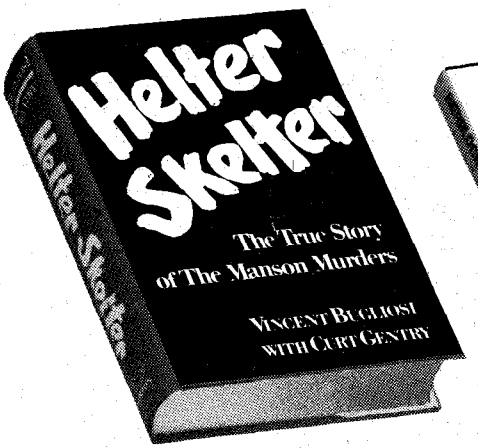

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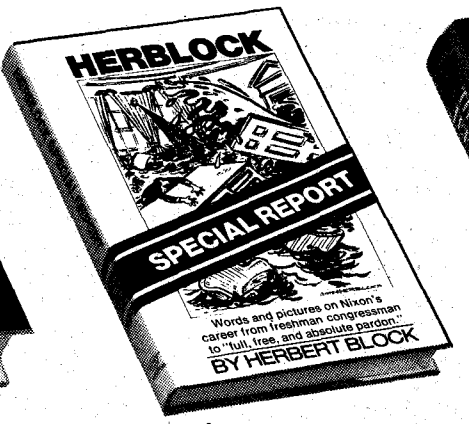
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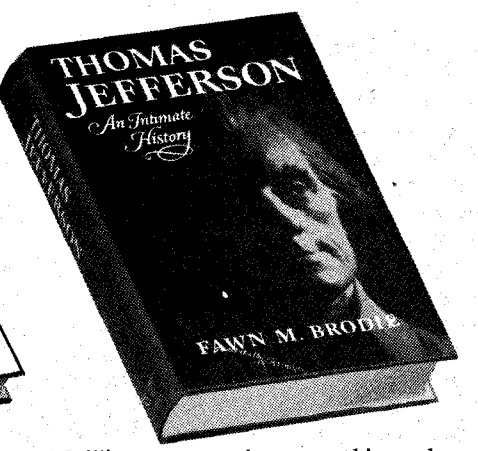

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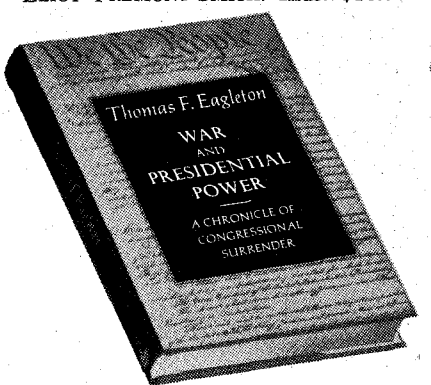

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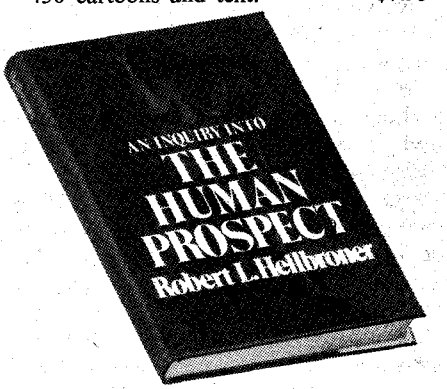

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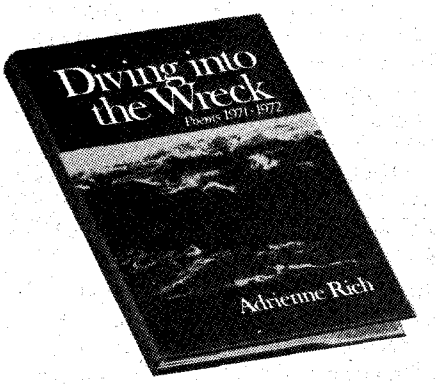

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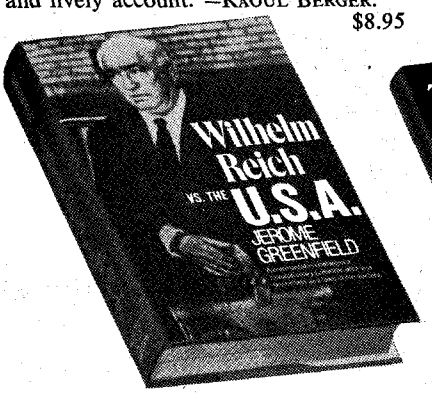

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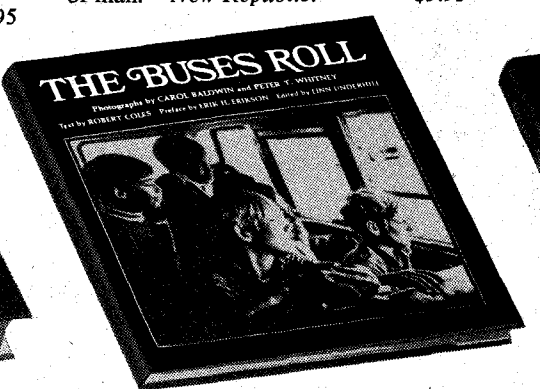

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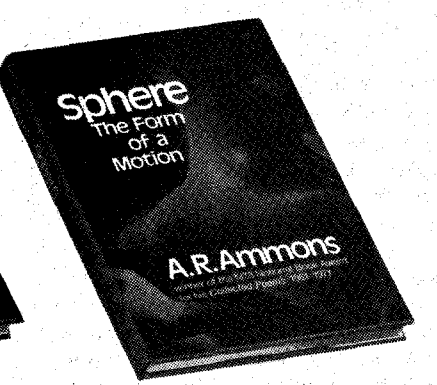

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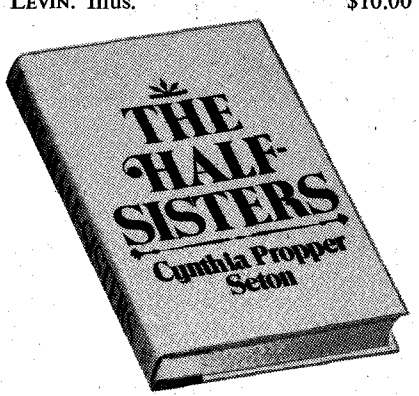

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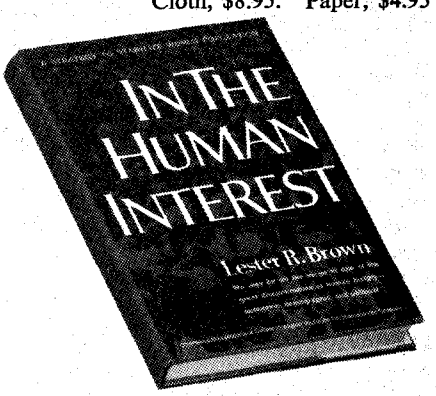

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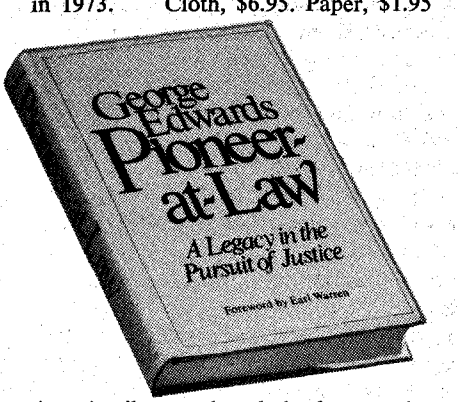

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Interesting account of the sculptor of rotund and bouncy women; like many of the best compact books, it started life as an exhibition catalogue, this one at the Museum of Art, Cornell University.

JACOB LAWRENCE. *By Milton W. Brown. Dodd, Mead & Co. 6 color, 44 black-and-white illustrations. 64 pp. $8.95.*

Slim monograph on a black artist about whom there is more to be said than Brown manages. His adaptation of School of Paris style to Afro-American iconography is worth much more study than it receives here.

SOL LEWITT: Incomplete Open Cubes. *By Sol LeWitt. The John Weber Gallery. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. Unpaginated. Paper $7.50.*

Excellent addition to the lengthening list of books designed by artists. Paired photographs and linear diagrams of geometric forms in dizzying variation. Recommended.

MAGRITTE. *By A.M. Hammacher. Harry N. Abrams. 48 color, 90 black-and-white illustrations. 138 pp. $22.50.*

The third big book in English on Magritte in ten years. His output is larger than supposed: there are reproductions of unfamiliar works, though the author completely suppresses Magritte's Renoiresque period in which his ironies were extended to style as well as subject matter.

MATISSE: His Art and His Public. *By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. 500 black-and-white illustrations. 592 pp. Paper $10.95.*

Welcome paper edition of one of the most detailed studies of a 20th-century artist ever published. The mass of data never overrides Barr's attention to specific works. It is a book that never disappoints when consulted. Barr has anticipated readers' uses by being comprehensive.

MICHELANGELO'S DAVID. *By Charles Seymour, Jr. W.W. Norton & Co. 36 black-and-white illustrations. 194 pp. Paper $2.95.*

Paperback edition of Seymour's brilliant study (1967) of the "David" in relation to the artist and Florentine culture. Recommended.

HENRY MOORE DRAWINGS. *By Kenneth Clark. Harper & Row. 40 color, 264 black-and-white illustrations. 328 pp. $40.*

Books based on a writer's commitment to an artist are supposed to be best, but it can lead to eulogy. Clark on Moore gets into this trouble ("*one* of his *early* masterpieces"; my italics). For all his tact and learning there is a process of escalation that gets oppressive. Well-produced book.

ALPHONSE MUCHA: Revised Expanded Edition. *By Jiri Mucha, Marina Henderson and Aaron Scharf. St. Martin's Press. 40 color, 123 black-and-white illustrations. 144 pp. $22.50.*

In addition to Mucha's fluent Art Nouveau designs, Marina Henderson discusses both his photographic sources and his later epic paintings on Slavonic themes.

PAUL NASH: The Master of the Image 1889-1946. *By Margot Eates. St. Martin's Press. 24 color, 132 black-and-white illustrations. 156 pp. $15.95.*

A zealous account of the quiet life and work of Nash, who reconciled Surrealism (the dream) and English Romantic watercolor style (nature).

PICASSO: Fifty Years of His Art. *By*

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Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. 330 black-and-white illustrations. 312 pp. Paper $8.95.

Reprint of the best general guide to Picasso's work (up to 1945), an admirable example of the visual presentation of information.

POUSSIN: The Holy Family on the Steps. *By Howard Hibbard. The Viking Press. 57 black-and-white illustrations. 117 pp. $8.95.*

The latest in the series "Art In Context," in which one painting is gone over at length. Good photographic details, plenty of Baroque iconography, and reflections on the beauty of mathematics.

ALFRED R. WAUD: Civil War Artist. *By Frederic E. Ray. A Studio Book. The Viking Press. 180 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $16.95.*

What Constantin Guys did in the Crimea, Waud did in the Civil War. This book reproduces his sketches as a war artist, a nice mixture of realistic detail and subtle schematization of space to indicate tactics. Samples of the woodcuts made from them in contemporary magazines show the process of public information. Recommended.

GROUPS, MOVEMENTS, PERIODS
(Arranged alphabetically by author)

THE AMERICAN SCENE. *By Matthew Baigell. Praeger Publishers. 24 color, 140 black-and-white illustrations. 214 pp. $29.50.*

A hidden episode of the recent past uncovered. Bustling panorama, like a scenic WPA mural, of the regional and domestic artists of the 1930s. Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, John Steuart Currey and more. Recommended.

THE TRADITION OF CONSTRUCTIVISM. *Edited by Stephen Bann. The Viking Press. 37 black-and-white illustrations. 334 pp. $16.50. Paper $4.95.*

Indispensable collection of documents without which Russian Constructivism cannot be understood. Bann's introduction gives a cogent and unhackneyed overview of the aesthetics and the historical problems. One of the series, "Documents of 20th Century Art."

CUBISM AND ABSTRACT ART. *By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by New York Graphic Society. 223 black-and-white illustrations. 248 pp. Paper $6.95.*

Reprint of pioneering work of the 1930s, but a period piece now, outdated by later research.

TROMPE L'OEIL: The Eye Deceived. *By Martin Battersby. St. Martin's Press. 16 color, 184 black-and-white illustrations. 158 pp. $25.*

Trompe l'oeil is an engaging genre in which visual double-takes range along a spectrum from humor to aesthetic problems of illusion. A fair survey of its complexities.

ROMAN ART: From The Republic to Constantine. *By Richard Brilliant. Phaidon Press Art Books. Distributed by Praeger Publishers. 300 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. $15.*

A succinct definition and panoramic view of Roman art which renders compact and graspable, without cliché, the spread and succession of a culture's art. Recommended.

SOME CALL IT KITSCH: Masterpieces of Bourgeois Realism. *By A. Celebonovic. Harry N. Abrams. 41 color, 129 black-and-white illustrations. 208 pp. $25.*

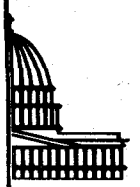
Not much more than a collection of illustrations, but in the present state of research on the non-*avant-garde* art of the late 19th-early 20th centuries this is interesting, especially since it includes unfamiliar East Europeans. The aimless text fails to supply the relevant framework without which too many of the pictures can be misrepresented as camp.

STUDIES IN EARLY IMPRESSIONISM. *By Kermit Swiler Champa. Yale University Press. 27 color, 137 black-and-white illustrations. 106 pp. $19.75.*

Close reading of Impressionism in the 1860s, attentive to personal differentiation of the artists and sensitive to the conventions of painting as well as to the pictures' base in natural observation. Recommended.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE CENTURY COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR ART. *By the editors of American Heritage. Introduction by Bruce Catton. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 754 black-and-white illustrations. 400 pp. Pre-Christmas $29.95; thereafter $35.*

Drawings done in the 1880s, by artists using documentary records and veterans' memories for a book on the Civil War, are reproduced here in their original form. They are unfiltered by 19th-century illustration processes, but they are not eyewitness sketches. It is a view of



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the Civil War distanced by two decades.

ORIGINS OF MODERN SCULPTURE: Pioneers and Premises. *By Albert E. Elsen. George Braziller. 168 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. $12.50. Paper $4.95.*

A version of the catalogue of "Pioneers of Modern Sculpture," the Arts Council of Great Britain exhibition last year. Incisive text and summarizing arguments.

QAJAR PAINTINGS: Persian Oil Paintings of the 18th and 19th Centuries. *By S.J. Falk. Sotheby Parke-Bernet Publications. 63 color illustrations. 64 pp. $25.*

A book on, of all things, Persian oil painting of the 18th and 19th centuries, based on a large collection recently sold at auction. Interesting interplay of Western technique and native themes.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NUDE: A History in Art. *By William Gerdts. Praeger Publishers. 25 color, 186 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. $25.*

A book that draws on original sources and rests on a broadly based aesthetic, but which does not banish the suspicion of exploitation. Not bad but not the equal of another art-by-subject book, *American Still-Life Painting*, of which Gerdts was co-author.

THE OUTDOOR SCULPTURE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.: A Comprehensive Historical Guide. *By James M. Goode. George Braziller. 516 black-and-white illustrations. Cloth: 608 pp. $15. Paper: 496 pp. $4.95.*

Scrupulous account of the monuments, full of out-of-the-way details; good except for jejune remarks on recent work. On traditional heroic and commemorative sculpture, the book is fine.

THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTIAN ART. *By Michael Gough. Praeger Publishers. 191 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. $10. Paper $5.95.*

Fascinating account, in a brief text, of the transfer and transformation of motifs from pagan to Christian usage.

TOTAL ART. *By Adrian Henri. Praeger Publishers. 20 color, 130 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. $10. Paper $5.95.*

A cordial embrace of the expanding arts as they move into performance, big scale, and the body in space. Useful guide to a still-growing aspect of art.

THE PAINTERS' AMERICA: Rural and Urban Life, 1810-1910. *By Patricia Hills. Praeger Publishers. 8 color, 159 black-and-white illustrations. 168 pp. $15.*

The book of the show of the same title at the Whitney Museum recently. Skeptical and clear-sighted reading of American genre scenes, not for their domestic mildness but for their veiled social prejudice. Recommended.

AMERICAN NARRATIVE PAINTING. *By Donelson Hoopes. Praeger Publishers, in association with the Los Angeles County Museum. 8 color, 92 black-and-white illustrations. 200 pp. $15.*

The catalogue of an exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum. A lucid survey of changing subjects in a neglected class of paintings.

ADHOCISM. *By Charles Jencks and Nathan Silver. Anchor Books/Doubleday. 244 black-and-white illustrations. 216 pp. Paper $4.95.*

A rambling and lively package in which collage, stylistic diversity, man-machine interaction and synchronic profusion are celebrated in opposition to puritan and formalist aesthetics.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA. *By Oliver Jensen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 49 illustrations. 120 pp. Pre-Christmas $20; thereafter $25.*

Picturesque America is just that: to quote Bryant's preface, there are "charming nooks," "majestic rivers" and "rock-chasms of fearful depth." It is an attempt to excel European scenery on its own terms. Regrettably, color has been added to the original black-and-white engravings, which (though it is attractive) makes the book seem like seeing *Gone With the Wind* on a big screen: it doesn't quite fit.

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY IN THE ARTS: A Tour Through the Realm of Science + Art. *By Stewart Kranz. Van Nostrand Reinhold. 16 color, 350 black-and-white illustrations. 336 pp. Pre-Christmas $39.50; thereafter $45.*

Omnivorous coverage by a jargon-filled and naively enthusiastic text: illustrations range from company promotion literature to artists' video tapes. Though unreadable, it is useful to consult.

KINETIC ART: Theory and Practice. *Edited by Frank J. Malina. Dover Publications. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 244 pp. Paper $6.*

Kinetic art overlaps the rest of the art world here and there but not much. The book contains technical pieces by kinetic artists on their own work and special problems. Articles from *Leonardo*, the English pro-tech art magazine.

MODERN SCULPTURE: The New Old Masters. *By Herbert Christian Merillat. Dodd, Mead & Co. 106 black-and-white illustrations. 224 pp. $12.50.*

The book is aimed at "intelligent people" who are not interested in regular art criticism, but most people who approach art do it by their own routes rather than by specially greased entrances. At any rate, the book is awkward in its address to an imagined reader.

ART IN BOXES. *By Alex Mogelon and Norman Laliberté. Van Nostrand Reinhold. 24 color, 313 black-and-white illustrations. 240 pp. $35.*

Zips across art and design objects, obscure artists and known ones. Spotty but enthusiastic text as dependent on the illustrations as are the captions in picture journalism magazines. Cheerful.

QUILTS IN AMERICA. *By Myron and Patsy Orlofsky. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 48 color, 62 black-and-white illustrations. 288 pp. $17.95.*

Not simply another Americana picture book, though the temptation is great with centered and variable stars, serial palm trees in baskets and Presidents' heads. It is a wide-ranging analytical discussion of styles, designs, techniques. Recommended.

ISLAMIC ART. *Edited by Pratapaditya Pal. Praeger Publishers. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 232 pp. $17.50.*

Based on a recent exhibition, this book summarizes the historical outline and facts needed for an introduction to a range of arts insufficiently known in the West.

IN PRAISE OF HANDS: Contemporary Crafts of the World. *Essay by Octavio Paz. Foreword by James S. Plaut. New York Graphic Society. 243 color and black-and-white illustrations. Pre-Christmas $17.50; thereafter $19.95.*

Paz has written an imposing essay, suitable in its commanding, warm generalizations, to introduce a cross section of the world's crafts. All the objects have been made since 1970 and show the contemporaneous diversity of world culture.

THE ANTI-RATIONALISTS. *Edited by Nikolaus Pevsner and J.M. Richards.*

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University of Toronto Press. Numerous black-and-white illustrations. 210 pp. $17.50.

A selection of well-illustrated articles, largely reprinted from the *Architectural Review* in the 1960s, by various writers, dealing with unfamiliar aspects of Art Nouveau. A book that ranges beyond the customary monuments.

CULTURE AND SOCIETY IN THE DUTCH REPUBLIC DURING THE 17TH CENTURY. *By J.L. Price. Charles Scribner's Sons. 30 black-and-white illustrations. 260 pp. $12.50.*

Discussion of the arts in Holland after the Spanish withdrew, with an interesting contrast between the restrictions of a Latinate poetry and a painting based on naturalistic observation.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA. *Edited by James B. Pritchard. Phaidon Press Art Books. Distributed by Praeger Publishers. 63 black-and-white illustrations. 160 pp. $12.50.*

Archaeological and iconographical studies of the famous legend by various writers. The diffusion of the Sheba story in Judaic, Islamic, Ethiopian and Christian traditions is a fascinating demonstration of information on the move.

ICONS AND THEIR HISTORY. *By David and Tamara Talbot Rice. The Overlook Press. Distributed by The Viking Press. 9 color, 200 black-and-white illustrations. 192 pp. Pre-Christmas $27.95; thereafter $35.*

This book reproduces most of the icons that can be firmly dated, a piece of research that, taken in conjunction with regional grouping, makes it the best introduction to the subject. Recommended.

OUR HIDDEN HERITAGE: Five Centuries of Women Artists. *By Eleanor Tufts. Paddington Press Ltd./Two Continents Publishing Group. 136 black-and-white illustrations. 256 pp. $12.95.*

Disappointingly slack, brief essays on "five centuries of women artists." The unfamiliar information is presented at a low level of art appreciation that blurs and diminishes a significant subject.

THEORY AND CRITICISM
(Arranged alphabetically by author)

GREAT WESTERN SALT WORKS: Essays on the Meaning of Post-Formalist Art. *By Jack Burnham. George Braziller. 50 illustrations. 224 pp. $12.50. Paper $5.95.*

The book is in two halves, recording the author's move from a rationalistic view of Earthworks in the 1960s to an alchemical view of Marcel Duchamp in the 1970s. The first part is good, but the second reads like a radio repairman's vision of the cosmos.

ICONIC COMMUNICATION. *By W. H. Huggins and Doris R. Entwisle. Johns Hopkins Press. 172 pp. $8.50.*

An annotated bibliography on the systematic study of visual forms of communication, with suggestions for the depleted vocabulary of art criticism.

SIXTEEN STUDIES. *By H.W. Janson. Harry N. Abrams. 250 black-and-white illustrations. 338 pp. $17.50.*

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—Fredrick Wertham, M.D.,
(in the *New York Law Journal*
July 19, 1974)

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tral cultural importance, but highly enjoyable marginalia on Renaissance themes. It does not include "After Betsy, What?" from the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, that brilliant discussion of the role of the autographic element in art.

MEANING IN THE VISUAL ARTS. *By Erwin Panofsky. The Overlook Press. Distributed by The Viking Press. 32 black-and-white illustrations. 416 pp. $15.*

Usually one welcomes paperback editions of cloth books, but here it is the other way round. As someone who has worn out two paper editions of these marvelous essays, I welcome the more stable binding and hard covers.

ON ART AND THE MIND. *By Richard Wollheim. Harvard University Press. 46 black-and-white illustrations. 338 pp. $15.*

Essays on the philosophy of art in which theoretical rigor never exceeds art historical precision (as in his Morelli and Walter Pater pieces) or loses the sense of art's materiality. Such a command of theory, history and *contact* is rare and Wollheim writes in an English of knotty transparency.

MISCELLANEOUS

ART COP. Robert Volpe: Art Crime Detective. *By Laurie Adams. Dodd, Mead & Co. Illustrated with photographs. 250 pp. $8.95.*

Laurie Adams seems to be the same person as Laurie Schneider, an art historian (see her *Giotto in Perspective* above); at any rate they both teach at John Jay College. All about a policeman whose specialty is art crime, with reconstructions of raids and dialogue. Inadvertently hilarious.

ALBUM. *Poetry and Prose by Kenwald Elmslie. Cover and Illustrations by Joe Brainard. Kulchur Foundation. $6. Paper $3.*

Brainard is a particular favorite of New York poets and this is the latest of several collaborations. Lively graphics and witty poems agreeably parallel one another. □

RECORDS 1974 / David Hamilton

(All recordings are stereophonic unless otherwise noted.)

I. NEW RECORDINGS

BABBITT: *All Set.* Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H 71303. $3.98 (with works by Anderson, Wernick).

BACH: *Christmas Oratorio.* Soloists. Chorus Viennensis. Concentus Musicus. Telefunken SKH 25. $20.94 (three discs).

BEETHOVEN: Late Quartets. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M4 31730. $27.92 (four discs).

BERLIOZ: *La Damnation de Faust.* Soloists. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6703 042. $23.94 (three discs).

BRITTEN: *Death in Venice.* Soloists. English Chamber Orchestra; Steuart Bedford, cond. London OSA 13109. $20.94 (three discs).

CARTER: String Quartets Nos. 2 and 3. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M 32738. $6.98.

COPLAND: *Appalachian Spring* (original chamber version). Columbia Chamber Orchestra; Aaron Copland, cond. Columbia M 32736. $6.98.

DAVIDOVSKY: *Inflexions*; *Chacona.* STREET: String Quartet. TRYTHALL: *Coincidences.* Various performers. CRI SD 305. $6.98.

DAVIES: *Vesalii Icones.* The Fires of London; Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. Nonesuch H 71295. $3.98.

HARBISON: *Five Songs of Experience*; *Bermuda Triangle*; *Trio.* Various performers. CRI SD 313. $6.98.

IVES: "The 100th Anniversary." Various performers. Columbia M4 32504. $27.92 (five discs).

Violin Sonatas Nos. 1-4. Paul Zukofsky, Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch HB 73025. $7.96 (two discs).

KIRCHNER: *Lily*; Quartet No. 2. Diana Hoagland; Ensemble; Leon Kirchner, cond. Lenox Quartet. Columbia M 32740. $6.98.

LISZT: *Années de Pélerinage*, Second Year. Alfred Brendel. Philips 6500 420. $7.98.

MARTINO: *Notturno.* WUORINEN: *Speculum Speculi.* Speculum Musicae. Nonesuch H 71300. $3.98.

PERLE, WUORINEN, WOLPE, WYNER: Piano works. Robert Miller. CRI SD 306. $6.98.

PROKOFIEV: *War and Peace.* Soloists. Bolshoi Theatre Chorus and Orchestra; Alexander Melik-Pashayev, cond. Columbia M4 33111. $27.92 (four discs).

RACHMANINOFF: Preludes from Opp. 23 and 32. Sviatoslav Richter. Melodiya/Angel SR 40235. $6.98.

SCHOENBERG: *Moses und Aron.* Soloists. Austrian Radio Chorus and Orchestra; Michael Gielen, cond. Philips 6700 084. $15.96 (two discs).

SCHUBERT: Quintet in C major. Juilliard Quartet; Bernard Greenhouse. Columbia M 32808. $6.98.

SCHUETZ: *Kleine geistliche Konzerte,* Book II. Soloists. Westphalian Choral Ensemble; Wilhelm Ehmann, cond. Nonesuch HD 73024. $15.92 (four discs).

SCHUMANN: Scenes from Faust. Soloists. Aldeburgh Festival Singers; English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London OSA 12100. $13.96 (two discs).

SESSIONS: Symphony No. 8; Rhapsody. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Frederik Prausnitz, cond. Argo ZRG 702. $6.98 (with works by Riegger and Musgrave).

VERDI: *Un Giorno di Regno.* Soloists. Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Lamberto Gardelli, cond. Philips 6703 055. $23.94 (three discs).

Les Vêpres Siciliennes (sung in Italian). Soloists. John Alldis Choir; New Philharmonia Orchestra; James Levine, cond. RCA Red Seal ARL4 0370. $27.92 (four discs).

WAGNER: *Siegfried* (sung in English). Soloists. Sadler's Wells Opera Orchestra; Reginald Goodall, cond. EMI/Odeon

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SLS 875. $39.90 (five discs).

WEBER: *Der Freischütz.* Soloists. Leipzig Radio Chorus; Dresden State Orchestra; Carlos Kleiber, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 046. $23.94 (three discs).

WOLF: *Spanisches Liederbuch*—selections. Jan de Gaetani, Gilbert Kalish. Nonesuch H 71296. $3.98.

II. Reissues

BLOCH: Violin Concerto. Joseph Szigeti; Paris Conservatory Orchestra; Charles Munch, cond. Turnabout THS 65007E. $3.98 (electronic stereo; recorded 1938).

DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale.* Soloists. La Scala Chorus and Orchestra; Carlo Sabajno, cond. Seraphim IC 6084. $11.94 (three discs, mono; recorded 1932).

RACHMANINOFF: "The Complete Recordings," Volumes I-V. Sergei Rachmaninoff. RCA Red Seal ARM3 0260, 0261, 0294, 0295, 0296. $20.94 each (three discs each, mono; recorded 1919-42).

SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto. Jascha Heifetz; London Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim 60221. $3.98 (mono; recorded 1935; with Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto).

STRAUSS: *Symphonia Domestica;* Horn Concerto No. 1. Myron Bloom; Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Odyssey Y 32889. $3.49 (recorded 1964 and 1961).

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim 60231. $3.98 (mono; recorded 1938).

VERDI: *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Soloists. La Scala Chorus and Orchestra; Antonino Votto, cond. Seraphim IC 6087. $11.94 (three discs, mono; recorded 1956).

La Forza del Destino. Soloists. La Scala Chorus and Orchestra; Tullio Serafin, cond. Seraphim IC 6088. $11.94 (three discs, mono; recorded 1954).

WEILL: *Die Dreigroschenoper.* Soloists. Günther Arndt Chorus; Orchestra of Sender Freies Berlin; Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg, cond. Odyssey Y2 32977. $6.98 (two discs; recorded 1958).

Coming Next Week

Books published by *Nation* contributors in 1974.

Operatic Arias and Songs. Feodor Chaliapin. Seraphim 60218. $3.98 (mono; recorded 1926-33).

A Tribute to Jennie Tourel. Odyssey Y2 32880. $6.98 (two discs, mono; recorded 1945-52).

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

To answer at once the most pressing question about *Murder on the Orient Express*—Albert Finney, that most mod British of British actors, is wonderfully persuasive as the celebrated Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot. Not that M. Poirot is himself notably plausible, even by the standards of fictional super sleuthery, but Finney has caught with a precision approaching sleight of hand, the accent, jocularity, prickly dignity and Latin vanity of Agatha Christie's lucrative trademark.

Then the news that a dozen or more of Europe's and America's most celebrated actors and actresses have been crowded into a couple of Wagons Lit raises the question whether Sidney Lumet may be staging a burlesque of the luxurious film mysteries of a generation ago; the redundancy of expensive talent suggests a camp joke.

But not so: Lumet is not lampooning the genre but restoring it to its high rank in the hierarchy of family entertainment. Its intricate plot purrs like a set of Swiss gears; it is opulent, exotic, snobbish. The train itself so gleams with aristocratic excellence that it should be displayed on a swatch of black velvet. And the players, however you may care to rank them as artists, are all troupers of long and varied experience, who carry off this amusement with glossy, effortless style. I've seen the complaint that the unfolding of the crime is so intricate as to retard and mechanize the action. Perhaps, but that's Agatha Christie for you, and I kept my eyes amused with the elegant tailoring of the stars, glimpses of Eastern European landscape and the inlaid woodwork of the carriages.

I have not much space this week, and in any case *Orient Express* doesn't require much. It is almost certainly the best example of formula entertainment the season will produce—it is the best I've seen in several years. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Athol Fugard's two one-act plays *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* and *The Island*, presented in alternating evening performances at the Edison Theatre, are important—not simply because they provide an insight into the life of the blacks in South Africa but because in writing and in acting they are examples of original theatre. By "original" theatre I mean drama which has grown organically from a condition of existence common to its several creators. Though Fugard is white and the two men who act in both plays are black, the identification of the writer with his subject and with the actors who embody it is complete. All three are fundamentally of one stock.

Fugard, whose *The Blood Knot* and *Boesman and Lena* I reviewed enthusiastically, has made the black South African cause his own. More, as director, he has worked with his cast since the 1960s in an organization which has produced not only his plays but also several by Brecht, Genet, Strindberg, Sophocles, Euripides. Their association spells *theatre*—a unit inspired by a basic sympathy in sentiment and method of work.

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead begins with a long harangue addressed to the audience in which a man named Styles (John Kani) describes his life as an employee in the Port Elizabeth Ford factory. He is derisively eloquent about the hectic preparations for a welcome to be accorded the big U.S. boss, and the gruffly abrupt nature of his visit. In this recital Styles takes the audience into his confidence, as if it were a boon companion. It conveys a vivid impression of what it means for a black man to be working in such a place as a South African factory.

After this, the story of Sizwe Banzi (Winston Ntshona) unfolds. He hasn't the papers required to live or hold a job in Port Elizabeth. Without such papers he will be obliged to leave the city forthwith and return to his wife and children in a miserable and distant village. He explains his plight to Buntu (also played by Kani), a chance acquaintance. Walking along together, they happen upon the corpse of a black

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man on whom they find the papers needed for residence and work in Port Elizabeth. Sizwe is reluctant at first to take the dead man's papers and thus to forgo his own name. But Buntu manages to convince Sizwe that he should do so. We last see him being photographed in a new suit, now that he has a job. He looks positively jaunty, very much as if he had struck it rich, but we know from what Styles has told us that he will be no better off than the hard-pressed and humiliated worker at the Ford factory.

Sizwe Banzi is a wistful comedy which stems from a painful situation. Shot through with humor, *The Island* is essentially tragic. But because of its objectivity it never becomes oppressive; the harshness of its events is made to appear casual.

The locale is a small island in the Atlantic Ocean about 7 miles from Capetown. It was once used as a leper colony and a lunatic asylum and is now South Africa's maximum security prison for political offenders. The play begins with two silent men shoveling heavy loads of sand into barrows and then dumping them along a beach. (Very effectively done without the use of props.) This is a special assignment, probably even more exhausting and injurious than their normal task: cutting stone in a quarry. Sand gets into the men's eyes and lodges in their skin; their efforts to remove the sand from their bodies are almost as hurtful as the initial damage done them.

When they retire to their cell we learn that the two men have promised to appear at a prison "concert" in their own version of *Antigone*. One of the men, Winston, who is to play Antigone, has great difficulty following the plot line and learning the words. On finding that his wig and costume send his cell mate, John, into fits of laughter, Winston refuses to undertake the travesty. But John, who is to play Creon, argues so heatedly that the story of *Antigone* has great significance for them and the other prisoners that Winston consents to go on with the show. The performance is given before the prison's authorities and its inmates.

When the two men get back from the "concert" they learn that John, who had been sentenced to a ten-year term (he has already served three) is to be set free in three months. Jubilation! Suddenly Winston turns bitter: he is to remain in jail for a long (unspecified) time, he will probably die there, while John will forget he had ever known him. John promises that he will always remember Winston. For a moment John seems to regret that freedom will separate him from his pal. There are occasional flashes of hatred between the two, but we also recognize that their mutual suffering has forged an unbreakable link between them.

This bare summary of their plots is insufficient to suggest all the subtle gradations of feeling which give the two plays, and especially *The Island*, their substance. A fierce compassion and a rude tenderness mingle in a way which makes an exact definition of the plays' qualities extremely difficult. A naked humanity is in them without any overlay of civilized distinctions.

The acting is the word become flesh: we are hardly able to differentiate between text and performance. Yet the actors have dissimilar personalities. John Kani, in both instances, plays the "leader," the more knowledgeably articulate one; Winston Ntshona the more naively puzzled one. Kani is all driving impulse, which might render him breathless if he were not propelled by extraordinary energy. His many expostulations ring with the sounds of a soulful plea, an absolutely convincing earnestness, a cry that is ecstatically hopeful while verging on despair. The effect of his passion is joyful. It inspires confidence, not only in him but in mankind itself.

Ntshona is charming in his confusion; though he must struggle to understand, we are sure that his instincts will lead to the right actions. Technically he is more a character actor than Kani, but his characterizations spring spontaneously from his inner being, so his effects are as natural as Kani's. Both these men have acted together since their boyhood. They are now more than a team; together they have become emblematic of a people. Such acting carries primitive force; it is clear, sharp, seemingly free of any "aesthetic" premeditation.

I harbor a certain affection for Eduardo de Filippo's *Saturday Sunday Monday* (Martin Beck Theatre). I am always moved by the depiction of people who love one another in a family or community context. Since New Yorkers live in a graceless city whose neighborhoods, except for its ghettos, are fast disappearing, and with them the sense of family, the kind of fellow feeling one gets from such a play as de Filippo's exerts a special hold on my spirit. I laugh because its absurd people are at bottom such innocents, and at the same time I find myself disarmed—in fact, close to tears!

De Filippo's plays—several of which have been seen here as film vehicles for Sophia Loren—are folk tales permeated with the spicy flavor of Naples. Since ethnic characteristics—especially in Italy—are inevitably associated with local dishes and wines which create as much of a binding tradition as intellectual or artistic pleasures, there is much talk in *Saturday Sunday Monday* about ragouts and particular assortments of pasta. But to believe its theme is culinary misses the considerable charm of the play. It is about the ties which hold families together, of which one of the main ingredients is the things they mutually enjoy. The ritual of the special Sunday dinner is the domestic and social symbol of a tightly knit community where the very upsets and quarrels serve as evidence of deeply rooted devotion.

The play is funny: besides his unerring eye for the idiosyncracies of local types, de Filippo has a consummate knowledge of the popular stage. (He is himself one of the best of living actors.) For their perfect realization his plays demand an evenly matched company. This does not mean that all the actors ought to be Italian: the play reportedly was well done at the National Theatre with an all-English cast (Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, et al.). The New York cast is not that coherent in national or environmental derivation; it is distinctly variegated in accent, tone and individual stress. Still, it works, largely because of Franco Zeffirelli's direction (he did the staging in London as well) and the excellence of Sada Thompson and Eli Wallach. Ms. Thompson is especially successful in finding the right pace and rhythm of Neapolitan speech without resorting to a fake accent. And she lends a kind of matriarchal size and dignity to her part without missing any of its wit. Eli Wallach's own vein of frustrated candor, with occasional outbursts of ineffectual outrage cut short by immediate contrition and sweetness, also fills the group portrait with the needed color and "temperature." To deny oneself so pleasant an entertainment on the ground that it is old-fashioned is to impoverish oneself through a juiceless pseudo-sophistication. □

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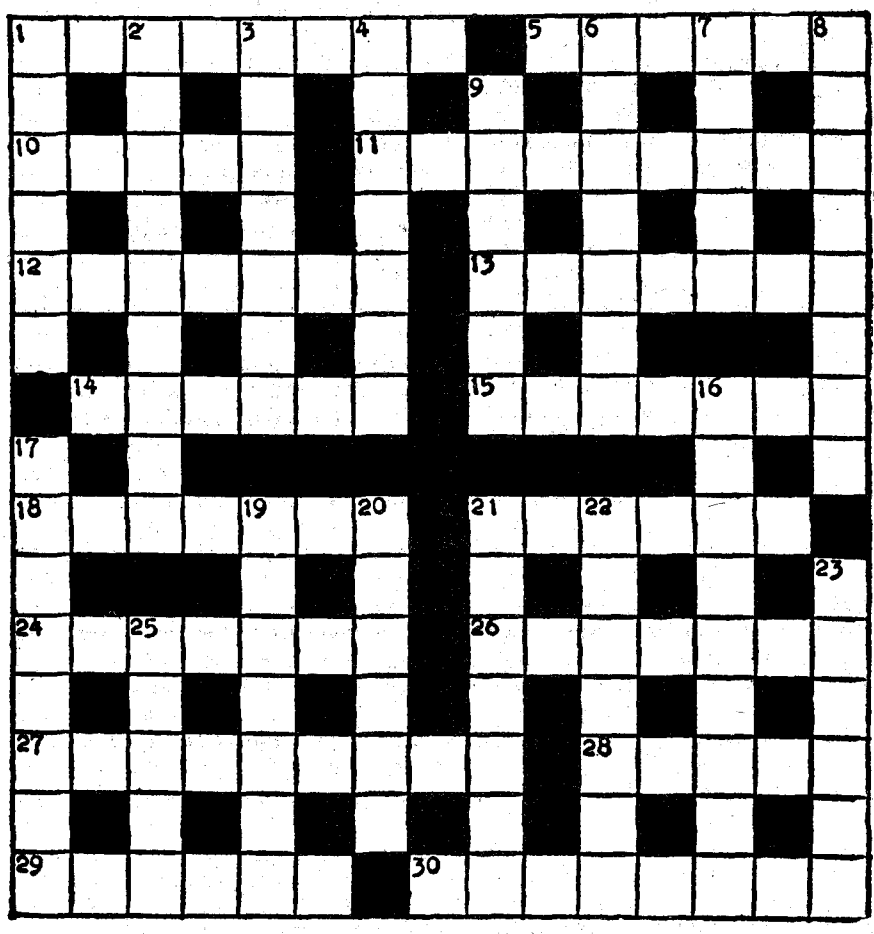

ACROSS

5 and 1 across The correct bit is less than one obtains. (6,8)
10 Ape—one with self-professed cold hands and cold head. (5)
11 A day in Paris needs direction in a dead sort of environment; no wonder it's put off. (9)
12 Drawing a number in the inside of your coat, perhaps. (7)
13 Certainly not original impressions. (7)
14 The last age seems to have subdivisions. (6)
15 As tense as possible, but still receptive to stimuli. (7)
18 Your car might be difficult to stop without its starting. (7)
21 and 24 Evidently the den is packed if you're there and flying. (2,4,7)
26 and 27 City patois might cause some scandal. (3,4,2,3,4)
28 You'd have to be dumb to give such approval! (5)
29 Makes statements about a former president, but they may be lost. (6)
30 Slandered by a bad press in Ade's composition. (8)

DOWN

1 and 6 down Relative togetherness here? (6,7)
2 And there might be a 6 of some class here. (4,5)
3 One might not want to find a bomb so on the mattress. (7)
4 Nothing ranks like fruit! (7)
6 See 1 down
7 See 22 down
8 Reads his letters in the garden, perhaps. (8)
9 Puts people out, possibly. (6)
16 Everything starts it, since a bad conclusion is arrived at by some unions. (9)
17 A short CIA-inspired revolution involving former military equipment. (8)
19 How a tale reputedly hangs? (7)
20 Did Isolde love taking it? (6)
21 Chants, perhaps, in counterpoint, one suggests. (7)
22 and 7 down Need a little extra, being sensitive to arrest? (4,3,5)
23 Slipped on the ice, perhaps. (6)
25 One might help you learn the "Trout" variations. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1563

ACROSS: 1 Bring to mind; 9 Competes; 10 Slight; 11 Fodders; 12 Screens; 14 Thrill; 15 Bulldoze; 17 Attempts; 24 Clarion; 26 Stymie; 27 Unplaced; 28 Little Women. DOWN: 2 Rapid fire; 3 and 22 Natural history; 4 and 25 Test tube; 5 and 20 Musical comedy; 6 Noise; 7 Moloch; 8 Chintz; 13 Abyss; 16 Demarcate; 18 Thirty; 19 Perfect; 20 Calypso; 21 Drover; 23 Tempi.

PUBLICATIONS

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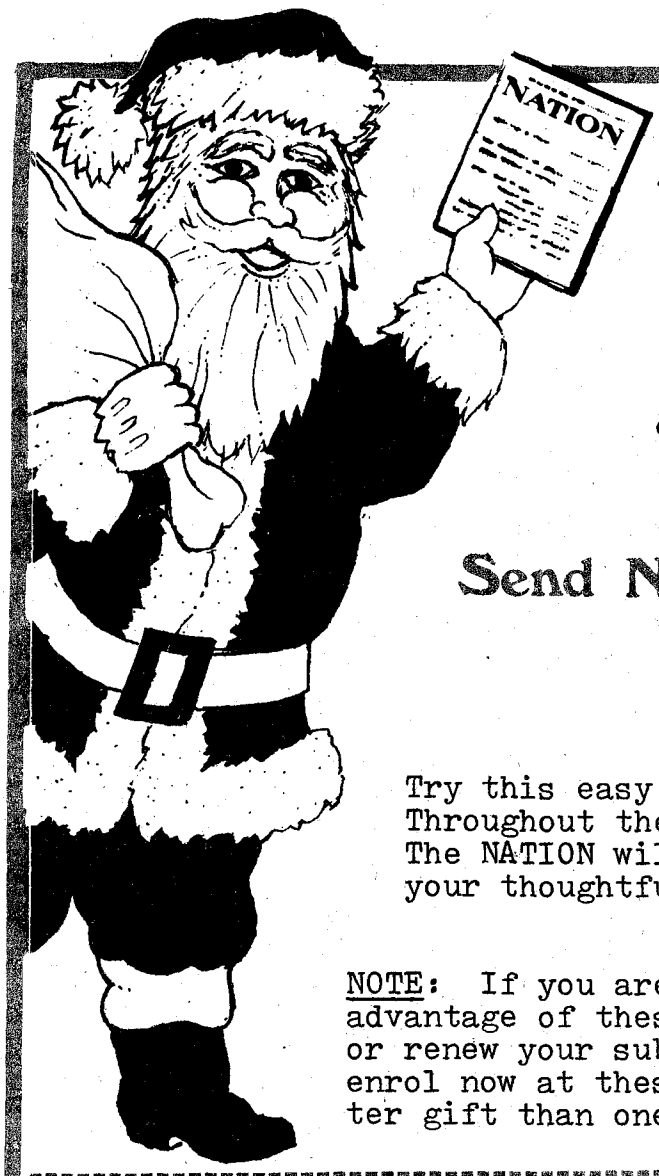

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